Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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Maine Farmer.

S. L. BOARDMAN, Agricultural Editor.

Maine Board of Agriculture.

Semi-annual meeting at Fryburg, Oct. 31st and Nov. 1st and 2d. Half Fare (round trip tickets) on European and North American Railway; and FREE Return Tickets at Connection, over the Maine Central, Portland and Ogdensburg and Knox and Lincoln Railroads.

East and West.

Shall we Abandon Farming in Maine?

No one locality possesses all the advantages and none of the obstacles which belongs to every other locality. And while it may be true that some favored sections have so many of the former and so few of the latter, that the balance seems about perfect; it is also true that wide differences in this respect are generally the rule throughout the greater part of our vast country. And people, usually, are very liable to magnify the disadvantages with which they are surrounded, to lightly esteem their richest possessions through their commonness, and to think some other, and it may be far off country or State, will give them universal comfort.

Now Maine is not the West, and our farmers have not the surroundings nor the conditions of the western farmer. Our climate is different, our fields are old, our productions and markets quite unlike. But we have a good State, and because we are not the West shall we say we are of no account, but will lay down in the furrow, and never try to be any thing? By no means. Our fields are old, but are not as old as the wheat fields of the European continent, where large yields annually reward honest work; our winters are cold, and our summers short—but we produce in great perfection all the staple crops, while our intelligence, and christianity, and educated citizenship are a boon which over-balance any amount of ice and snow; our markets, if not great and of world wide celebrity, come up or down to the door of each farmer in the State, with its best prices for whatever he has to sell. True, our farmers cannot turn a furrow miles in length, as can the prairie farmer of the West; but shall they therefore not turn a shorter one? They cannot raise corn in fields miles square; but shall they therefore not plant at seed time? They cannot grow oxen by the hundred; but shall they therefore not raise up two or three pairs of likely steers which may be turned at a profit, and have others coming on to succeed them?

Now instead of finding fault with this condition of things, is it not the wisest course to try, and adapt one's self to the surroundings and conditions imposed by this diversity of differences between the West and East? All cannot go west, and should not those who remain, endeavor to take advantage of the state of things as we now find them, so as to get the most possible good from them, and to reap the largest profit from their labor? Because the West can grow wheat and corn and meat so cheaply, and because transportation is so direct, many of our Eastern farmers have got in the way of purchasing flour and corn and beef from the West. But are we in a poorer condition, under judicious management, to grow good crops of wheat and corn, or to grow good oxen, than we were fifty years ago? Not at all; only we have got out of the way of doing it. It is not the fashion. But this fashion must come about again, and our own farmers must take hold and help bring it about. Even now there are some farmers in our state who are so "old fashioned" as to raise a good field of wheat every year; as to keep half a dozen hogs; as to have two or three yokes of steers and oxen growing up; as to grow a good field of corn. Do you find such grumbling? Never. Do they sell hay? No. Are they hauling home patent fertilizers at high prices, to pay for which they *must* sell hay? No. Do they or their children propose to go West? No, a home in Maine is their Heaven of earthly rest. They are independent and contented, and prosperous. Why give up growing corn? Dr. Sturtevant has raised it in Massachusetts for 12 cts a bushel. Why give up growing wheat? We can grow larger average crops per acre in Maine than can be grown West. Why not grow oxen and feed beef on corn raised for 12 cts per bushel, and on roots, and on our rich pastures? Why sell hay—a ruinous and exhausting process—when it is worth more to feed to milch cows and sheep, than it is to sell; and by so feeding it, you get the best dressing for your farms at low prices? It is this giving up raising staple crops for which our state is well adapted, and buying of the West, for the payment of which we have to rake, and scrape, and pinch for money, which has caused much of the dissatifaction which we now hear regarding farming in Maine. We can grow all the crops the West does, and grow them as well. It is true we do so at an increased cost on account of the extra labor involved in fertilizing and cultivating. The former cannot be wholly avoided, but the latter may be greatly reduced by the use of horse labor instead of manual labor in every place where possible. Especially in growing the corn crop, the horse hoe should take the place of the hand hoe wherever possible. To do this it will be necessary to have clean smooth fields, and these always pay best. In particular localities market gardening, or milk farming, or cheese making, will come in for a leading place in the business of the farm; but these cases will be regulated accordingly to the immediate condition and demands of the times, of which the shrewd farmer will not be slow to take advantage. They do not, however, destroy the force of what we have said in regard to general farming, and stock, and grain growing in Maine.

We should never lose sight of the fact that Maine is especially adapted for the raising of grass, of fruit, of Indian corn, and of wheat; and that we as farmers, should make a *business* of growing these crops, right along. We should never lose sight of the fact that Maine is also especially adapted to the growing of sheep, cattle and horses—and we should grow these animals right along—not all horses, or all sheep, (though better the latter than the former, perhaps) but a judicious and well balanced system of growing these animals, should enter into the system of every Maine farmer. With such a system well and judiciously followed, will come content and independence.

After the Fairs.

The fairs are now over and have been generally well attended, despite the unfavorable weather which accompanied some of them. To a large class these fairs come as a holiday season, and are observed as such—but also to a large and we think constantly increasing class, they are made occasions of special study and comparison, and opportunities for improvement in the farmer's calling. Many times this fall we have seen farmers at exhibitions taking notes, as they examined the different classes of stock, implements, grains, &c. With several of these we have talked, and have found them making memoranda for future use. One was a breeder and he was noting the points, markings and characteristics of some thoroughbred animals, as by-and-by he would want to introduce a new animal into his own herd, and with notes taken on the spot to guide him, he could select just such a one as he wanted. Another was making a note to remember where he could obtain some choice seed wheat another spring, and a third was looking about for some new implements. To all of these and to lots of others the fair is an occasion of learning something new, and obtaining information to assist them in the future. And while exhibitions which bring together the largest number of contributors are of greater value in this respect than local ones, yet no one can attend a county or town fair—if he be inquiring and observing—but he will learn many new facts, and gain many new ideas, which will be of positive service to him in all the future.

After the fairs, comes on the closing fall work and the preparations for winter. Attend well to these, and have every thing closed up in season. And with the shortening days comes also the glorious evenings, which give so good an opportunity for reading and study. With a cheerful fire, the bright lamp, and plenty of books and papers, how happily can the long evenings be spent. Improve them brother farmers in posting up in your profession, and writing out the season's experiences.

Auction Sale of Thoroughbred Shorthorns.

As will be seen by an advertisement in our present issue, Hon. Warren Percival of Cross Hill, Vassalboro, in order to reduce his stock, is to sell by auction at his farm the latter part of next month some fifty or sixty choice animals of his own breeding, together with a few choice thoroughbred Cotswolds, and about fifty pure Yorkshire swine. The Shorthorns forming Mr. Percival's herd have long been known in this State as superior animals, and as he has made a special point of breeding for the development of milking qualities, his animals will be much sought for by those who desire to possess milking strains of pure bred Shorthorns. Among the animals offered for sale are several of his famous Red Rose family, while nearly all are either prize animals, or are descended from prize takers, at recent New England and Maine State Fairs. While all the animals have been bred with care and skill, they have not been over fed or pampered to present a showy appearance, but have been kept in just such a manner as the best farmers keep their animals for every day work and use. The sheep and swine offered are well bred and are very fine animals. It is more and more becoming a custom with our great breeders to sell by auction, and in following their example Mr. Percival will no doubt meet with good success. Parties wishing copies of his catalogue or other information, should address him as above.

The Ayrshire Record.

The Ayrshire Breeders' Association, organized in March, 1875, have issued the first volume of their herd book, with the above title, the same forming a volume of 326 pages, embellished with portraits on stone of half a dozen animals from the herd of Mr. W. F. Kay, Phillipsburg, P. Q. The Record embraces the pedigrees of American and Canadian animals, and really forms volume five of the American and Canadian Ayrshire Herd Record, under the distinct heading of a new series, as "Volume I." Two sets of pedigrees are given; those tracing directly to importation, and those *not* tracing directly to importation—the former class being far the larger. The editor of the volume is Mr. J. D. W. French of Boston, who has no doubt done his work conscientously and well. It is well printed, and we presume can be had by addressing the editor, at 48 State St., Boston, Mass.

Editorial Notes.

Mr. L. H. Winslow of Nobleboro', will please accept our thanks for a splendid collection of some thirty varieties of apples, grown by him, and which formed an important part of the Lincoln county exhibit at the late State fruit fair at Waterville.

At the recent exhibition of the Buxton and Hollis Agricultural Society, Mark P. Emery, Esq., Portland, whose farm is the old Emery homestead in Buxton, made a fine exhibit of full blood Jerseys and Ayrshires, with some excellent Hereford and Shorthorn grades. Among these animals were a Jersey bull seven months old, a Jersey heifer, and several superior grade cows, with a milk record of 24 qts per day. Mr. Emery has recently rebuilt and improved the dwelling on the old homestead, and the farm which comprises 120 acres, cuts about sixty tons of hay. He has stocked the farm with especial reference to milk production, the cattle being purchased principally for that purpose. The houses and outbuildings are models of neatness and convenience, and the cattle have the run of a sunny yard in winter and dry sheds in stormy weather. Mr. Emery is to be congratulated that to the pleasures of a city home, he is able also to add the attractions of a country house and farm.

At the auction sale of horses at Merrymeeting Farm, Bowdoinham, on Wednesday last, the prices realized were exceedingly low, but were, however, quite satisfactory, considering the stringency of the times, and the great depreciation in the value of horse stock during the past two years. Forty-three horses were sold, chiefly of the Fearnaught family, and some of the brood mares disposed of, were in foal by Smuggler, Jr., by Smuggler, the champion trotting stallion of New England. The highest price paid was $315 for Daniel Drew, by Old Drew, a splendid horse 11 years old; and the lowest $22, for a Kentucky brood mare, by Mambrino Chief, in foal by Smuggler, Jr.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Our State.

First Paper.

About two months ago there appeared in the FARMER an inquiry from the editor as to what we should do to promote the prosperity of the State. Answers have appeared both from his pen and others, containing many valuable suggestions, and it may be thought that no more instruction is required on this topic. But deeming the matter to be one of the greatest importance, and thinking that hardly too much can be said, at least until something *is* done, I am induced to make an attempt to further elucidate this perplexing and difficult subject. Perplexing and difficult I have called it, because, in addition to my own feeling of inability to properly handle the matter, I do not discover, in all the able communications on this subject, any sufficient help to enable us to cope with the difficulties of our case, and guide us to success and prosperity. True, we have been advised to go to work—and this is the best and most pertinent suggestion that I have seen—but how can people be expected to go to work when, if they open the report of the Secretary of our Board of Agriculture they find a high standing member of that body recommending that farmers do not work so hard. Probably there are some that work too hard, but it is not a general fault. The general fault is the other way. And again, what is the use to advise people to work when they don't know what to do?

Plow up that old pasture or field that has lain so long that the rains and frosts have dissolved a new supply of mineral matter, and the sod is rotten and ready to supply nutriment to a crop? What is the use? We can get a living, to be sure, but as to money, when we get to the depot with our beef, our pork, our mutton, our butter, eggs and poultry, we are met by the productions of the teeming West, where production and transportation both do not equal the cost of production here. "What shall we do with Maine?" indeed. Turn it over to the wolves and bears, say some. But where shall we go? To Texas, to California, to the West, to Florida—shall we be any better off there? I doubt not there are places whose natural advantages, all things considered, are better than those of Maine. But those places are all taken up, and if we would possess them it will take a large pile of money, and that money will make us as comfortable here as we should be there.

But there are other places yet to be cheaply obtained, where our ambitious young men, strong of muscle and strong of will, may hew out for themselves a home and a fortune. There is no doubt of that, and if any of our young men prefer to take their chance there instead of taking a similar chance here, they must be allowed to go. Yes, let them go, with our good wishes and our blessing. But let them not expect to get along without work, harder work than would be required in Maine to accomplish the same object. But then, the difficulties that surround him as to market. To be sure they exist, but perhaps we shall see, after all, that there are some branches of business which can be pursued in Maine that would not seriously suffer from the competition of other sections.

Dairying, according to the expressed opinion of eminent men from the best dairy districts of the country, can be carried on in Maine to as good advantage as in any other part of the country. And we know of ourselves that this must be the case. Our pasturage and water are as good, at least, as in any other section, and our land cheaper than in any section where dairying can be made profitable. To be sure our winters are long, but that does not amount to an obstacle. Experience has taught the dairymen in those places where the winters are shorter, that it is profitable to feed from the barn for as great a portion of the year as we should be obliged to from the shortness of our summer season. With the business learned, and our farms, stables and milk rooms prepared for it, we can stand up along side of the best dairy sections of the Union.

Wool growing too. We do not yet know how cheaply we can raise wool. With the prices that have ruled till lately, there has been no branches of business in all the country that has paid more profit than has been realized by the farmers of Maine in the wool business. And though I do not expect that prices will hereafter rule as high, it will take but little improvement in our methods to make wool growing as profitable as heretofore. Or, if not quite so, the difference may be made up by a more economical scale of expenditure for ourselves and families. On this last point I intend to enlarge before I get through, but for the present let me say a little more about the dairying and wool business. Some time ago, as a supplement to my articles on "The Farmers' Ailment," I suggested the settling together of a number of families in little hamlets, each having a little land to carry on as a garden, with a larger piece of land out at a little distance, on which they could work in the summer, as needed, and retiring to their hamlet in the winter. I have now a modification of this principle to propose. Let some individual or company purchase a tract of country favorable for the purpose, and go into dairying or wool growing on a large scale. Let the help hired be mostly men of families, who shall reside near one central location, in habitations owned by them or built for them by the proprietors. This arrangement would be very similar to the manufacturing villages in Massachusetts and other states. It seems to me that these ranches, as they might be called, might be carried on to the advantage of the proprietors and give employment to numerous families of poor people who are now without employment or home. The labor of the children could be utilized, at the same time that educational, religious and social privileges more largely enjoyed than can be under the present arrangement. If some such arrangement could be made, or if, without this, the people of Maine, in sections favorable to the purpose, should put their means and their energies into those two branches of business, we should not hear the representation, so little flattering to our pride, with which the editor of the FARMER accompanied the question, "What shall we do with Maine?" ALBERT PEASE.

Grass Dale, Salem.

For the Maine Farmer.

Transplanting Large Apple Trees.

I was recently much interested in witnessing the results of an experiment in the removing of a small orchard of apple trees and their subsequent treatment. In the fall of 1860, Mr. William W. Green, of North Waterford, a merchant and farmer, making preparations to build a large dwelling house, found it necessary, in the arrangement of his grounds, to remove some fifteen or twenty valuable Baldwin apple trees, which had been bearing for many years, and were, some of them, upwards of one foot in diameter. In said year, these trees produced about seventy bushels of nice fruit. Mr. Green dug carefully around these trees, and raised them from the ground with shears and transplanted them about twenty five rods to a side hill facing the north, and planted them with much care. Only a part of the trees were removed the first year, the job being completed the next spring, 1861. For some years, these trees seemed to stand about still as to making much growth; and many persons predicted they would eventually die. Three years since, Mr. Thomas Green, (surviving son of Mr. W. W. Green,) commenced dressing the ground under and around these trees with good barnyard manure. The effects of this treatment were soon perceptible in a commencement of new growth, and appearances of returning health and thriftiness of the trees. A second dressing of manure was applied two years ago, and the trees have, this year, borne a fine crop of as handsome Baldwins as I ever saw; and the trees are in excellent condition, bearing at this time, a heavy growth of dark luxuriant foliage, and giving ample promise of a good crop of fruit next year. G. F.

For the Maine Farmer.

Preparation and Application of Manure.

In the spring of 1875 I broke one acre of mowing land that had become very much bound out and was very tough and hard, naturally rocky and very dry. I spread on the furrows a fair coat of green manure from the cellar, some 15 ox loads if I remember right, and cultivated it till both the soil and manure were made fine and thoroughly mixed. Then for the hill I made a compost as follows: Six loads of loam from the roadside were hauled into the field the fall previous and tipped in a long pile. In the spring this was plowed over and upon it was put four ox loads of sheep dung made under cover, and upon the top of this two loads of hog and hen manure—about two-thirds of the former and one-third of the latter, and upon this four barrels of ashes and two bushels of plaster, and the whole forked over and broken up fine. After it got to steaming well it was again turned over and mixed and left to heat again, when it was put in pretty deep furrows, immediately covered with the hoe, and planted with eight rowed corn. This was hoed well once before haying and weeded clean after. The yield was 147 bushels of ears of sound corn and quite a lot—I forget how much—of pig-corn.

The day after the corn was taken off, the ground was plowed crosswise with a large plow and four oxen. In the spring of 1876 I put on twelve ox loads of manure from the cellar, and plowed it in with horses and a seed plow, and after harrowing it well (I believe in harrowing,) sowed two bushels of Lost Nation wheat, washed well and dried with ashes, letting it stand with the ashes 24 hours. After this was harrowed in, the surface was thickly covered with lumps of manure and small, half decomposed sods, and it looked horribly. To remedy this I took two stone drags and fastened them together, threw across them a large box, took a pair of horses, got on the box and drove carefully over the ground each way, after hauling off *all* the stones. This left it very much smoother than a roller, and the operation ground the bunches and lumps completely. The grain came up splendidly, and when it was some two inches high it was as stocky as I ever saw on plowed land. I then sowed twenty bushels of ashes on it and harvested thirty-two (32) bushels of nice wheat, and I have no doubt if there had been a nice rain the first of August, there would have been from five to ten bushels more.

That acre is in good order for a hay crop for several years to come, and in shape to mow and rake with dispatch and satisfaction. D. H. THING.

Clear View, Kennebec Co.

For the Maine Farmer.

Washington County Exhibition.

The Washington County Agricultural Society held its annual cattle show and fair on the fair grounds at Pembroke, Sept. 28th and 29th. The weather was fine both days, and the receipts of the society more than covered the expenses. There were 222 entries of stock, 246 of crops, and 247 of manufactures. In the trials of speed there were 10 entries for the county purses and 7 for the Society Premiums.

Quite a large proportion of the stock shown was thoroughbred: Jersey, Shorthorn and Ayrshire. The native and grade stock was of superior appearance to much that has been shown in the past. There was a good show of horses and colts, some flocks of thrifty looking sheep, and some fine specimens of swine. There was quite a large collection of poultry on exhibition, representing some of the most desirable breeds. Among them were Light and Dark Brahma, White and Brown Leghorn, Plymouth Rock, Partridge Cochin, Seabrights, Spanish Game, Aylesbury and Pekin ducks, and some fine flocks of geese. The poultry fanciers had their fowl put up in neat coops, thus adding something to the attractiveness of this part of the show. The exhibition of roots and vegetables was excellent. The potato takes the lead in importance in this county, and there were a large number of specimens of many different varieties, some of them very remarkable for size and symetrical proportions. The varieties were chiefly Early Rose, Prolifics, Jacksons, Early Blues, Late Rose, &c.

The show of ripened grain was not large, but it included some fine samples of wheat, oats and barley. A great number of specimens of beans were exhibited, also peas, buckwheat and corn on the ear. Apples, crab apples, cranberries, grapes and plums appeared among the fruits.

The department of manufactures was well represented; carriages and pungs, ox yokes and bee hives of domestic manufacture were shown, and among the patent articles which attracted much attention were a revolving harrow, lap-furrow plow, a cultivator and a "Warrior" Mower, all entered by C. W. Hersey of Pembroke. In the upper hall the ladies exhibited specimens of their skill and handiwork in pieces of flannel, cashmere, fulled cloth, fustian, woolen yarn, socks, mittens, stockings, gloves, carpets, hearth rugs, Afghans, tidies, quilts and counterpanes.

The Centennial department, collected by Mr. C. W. Hersey, contained a deed written and executed in 1659, an account book and a will, each more than a hundred years old, and an ink horn and a razor which had been used by men who lived and died more than a hundred years ago.

Pembroke. H. F. PORTER, Sec'y.

For the Woman's Department.

Etna Farmers' and Mechanics' Club.

The Etna Farmers' and Mechanics' Club held their fifth annual exhibition Wednesday, Oct. 10th. The exhibition in all the departments was highly satisfactory to all concerned, and the attendance large. The neat stock, of which their were ninety entries, mostly composed of Jerseys and grades was of excellent quality; and there were twenty-five horses and colts entered, which were likewise of good quality. The show of sheep and swine was very small. There was a very large number of specimens of corn exhibited which were all very fine, both as to size and quality, together with some fine specimens of wheat, oats, beans, etc. The vegetables were of almost all kinds of very large growth and of good quality. The display of fruit was large, and the specimens were creditable to the producers. Some very fine specimens of butter was exhibited, all of such superior quality that the committee found themselves unable to decide which was entitled to the preference. The Ladies' department was as usual of the first quality, specimens of their skill and industry both useful and ornamental were presented from misses of ten, to ladies of seventy-six years of age, all of which were very attractive and formed a very great addition to the Hall. The exhibition passed off very pleasantly, good order was observed by all present; the exhibitors to whom premiums were awarded, were pleased with their success and those to whom none were awarded very gracefully submitting by just saying: "make way for me next year and then look well to your laurels." On the whole the fair was a complete success and we claim that we have solved the problem that a successful agricultural fair can be held without the addition of a horse trot. IRAD FENDERSON, JOHN FOGG, J. H WHITTEN, *Committee.*

For the Maine Farmer.

Curing Fodder Corn.

In traveling through the country I have noticed quite a large amount of fodder corn spoiled after being cut up, in trying to cure it in the sun. My way of curing is to cut after the wet is dried off, lay the butts even and bind it up as soon after cutting as I can. I bind as near the butts as I can, with a little birch twig or rope yarn, then haul it into the barn without any sun on it; split the bundles and hang them on poles placed across the beams, packed snug. Readers of this, please try it and you will have some as good fodder as you ever saw, for I know that feed of any kind cured under cover, is worth more than it is cured in the sun.

Monticello. WM. CLEMENTS.

For the Maine Farmer.

Old-time Notes.

In the year 1792 in the month of March, 84 years ago, my father, Solomon Bixby, came to Norridgewock and settled on the farm where he spent the remainder of his life; the same farm on which I now live. The country then was a wilderness compared with its present state. Among the trees growing on the intervale, the old Indian corn hills were plainly to be seen, and as the land became cleared and the plow turned up the sod, numerous Indian relics in the shape of tomahawks, hoes, pipes, beads, pestles for pounding corn, were brought to light. One of the latter in a tolerable state of preservation was disclosed in grading the railroad across the lot now owned by Geo. O. Weston, one of the lots originally belonging to the old farm. My father built his first house of hewn pine timber, the corners being locked together the same as log houses are usually constructed. My two elder brothers when boys having got each a new axe, in trying to see which could stick his axe on the end of the highest timber, got into trouble by hitting one of the axes, knocking it out, the axe falling and cutting one of the boys in the head. One of the timbers of that house 18 feet in length I have preserved in my stable as a relic of the past. The roads then were a little better than cattle paths, and in order to have them straight, the builders run them over the top of every hill which came in the way, not considering that it is no farther around a kettle bale when laying down, than when standing up. There are vestiges of one of those old discontinued roads built 80 or 90 years ago to be seen in this vicinity yet. Going to mill was done on horse back. I well remember the first wagon my father owned. The old two wheel chaise in which to ride to church was an institution long before wagons came. My father came from Sutton, Mass., in 1784, and lived in the town of Fairfax eight years before settling in Norridgewock. I have several family relics of those ancient days, one of which is a curious pocket-book of great size, made of worsted cloth, woven in figures by his sister about 100 years ago. it contains eight compartments, in one of which are three old continental bills, one of twenty dollars, the other two, four dollars each. On one of them is the hideous picture of a wild hog rushing with open jaws on to the point of a spear. The dates of the bills are 1775, 1776, 1778. The form of them is nearly square, the paper resembling pasteboard, and of poor quality at that.

Norridgewock. J. S. BIXBY.

For the Maine Farmer:

Town Fair at Litchfield.

The storm of Thursday and Friday made it necessary to hold the eighteenth annual show and fair of Litchfield, on Saturday, Oct. 7, 1876, and notwithstanding many people gathered at the Fair Grounds and departed disappointed, during the stormy days, the show on Saturday was up to the average of town, and perhaps county exhibition. The number of people in attendance was very large. Owing to the slippery condition of the roads in certain parts of the town, many heavy cattle, (especially beeves,) were left at home, among which were J. & B. Woodbury's oxen, girthing 8 1-2 feet, and estimated by good judges to weigh 5000 lbs. The show of corn was the best ever given in town. There were over fifty entries, all of which were very fine specimens of Maine corn. Mr. J. L. Perry presented a sample of wheat as good as we ever saw. Mr. P. grows wheat every year and considers it a profitable crop. This year he raised fourteen bushels from a bushel sowing. In the vegetable department we noticed many things that would have gained a worthy mention in a broader field of competition. The potatoes were very large and excellent in shape and quality. Mr. G. Frank Chick exhibited a mammoth squash which girthed six feet, eleven inches, and weighed two hundred and twenty-eight pounds. This grew, he affirms, in two months and from seed of his own raising. It was of bine shape and color. In fruit, Litchfield never fails to make an excellent display—the fact of which every one can testify to who has visited the hall during the Fair. This year the show was as good as ever.

Butter, cheese and bread though not exhibited in great quantity were of excellent quality. In the household and fancy department we found some articles that elicited the attention of the thoughtful; among which was a worsted scarf, wrought by Master Henry Paine a lad of ten years, that might have flattered the pride of a matron of mature age; rugs made by Mrs. Dorothy Bartlett, eighty-eight years old, and a towel presented by Mrs. Thomas True, a family relic one hundred and fifty years old. After a general meeting and happy reunion the Fair adjourned until 1877. [We have not room for the lengthy list of preferences awarded.—ED.]

CORRESPONDENT.

For the Maine Farmer.

Renovating Exhausted Fields.

The most casual observer cannot fail to see, in looking over a majority of our Maine farms, that some of the elements necessary for the production of good crops are lacking; and the question, how can these elements be restored with the least expense? is one of great importance.

Now I claim that my method of accomplishing this object, by turning under the sod, is the only feasible one for the majority of farmers. Experience has shown the large amount of vegetable matter in the roots of plants. It is said that the roots of clover contain at least, four times the amount of nitrogenous matter that there is in the crop of hay or grass. Professor Stockbridge says if some one would discover a feasible and economical way of taking nitrogen from the air, for agricultural and chemical purposes, it would greatly change the economy of living on this earth, and the discoverer would be the greatest benefactor of all ages. But as no such discovery has been made, we must use such means as experience has shown to be best.

In the first place why I consider ploughing under the sod, superior to applying manure, is because it is much cheaper. It will cost but five dollars to reseed an acre, and reseeding and ploughing three times will put land in better condition than six cords of manure; which will cost at least thirty dollars. What is needed is more thorough and better cultivation. It will cost no more to fence thirty acres into five acre fields, than it will to fence around one hundred acres. Now I know that I can grow more feed, and keep more stock on my pasture of thirty acres, ten of which I keep under cultivation, than most of the farmers of my acquaintances do on one hundred. My pasture is thoroughly fenced into five and ten acre lots, mostly with stone wall. Much of it is also ditched; and I have light movable sheds for the protection of the cattle, which I move their length once a week. My pasture is continually growing better, while theirs are becoming mossed and running out. W. AREY.

Hampden.

For the Maine Farmer.

Western Piscataquis Fair.

The Western Piscataquis Agricultural Society's show and fair, holden at Monson Sept. 28 and 29, was a success, and the farmers of Monson and vicinity feel justly proud of the exhibition. The display of neat stock was small, being few in number, but of very good quality. The display of sheep was extra, being more in number than we have ever shown before, and of superior quality, giving evidence that in this branch of farming the farmers of this part of the State are turning their thoughts in the right direction. The show of horses and colts was very good, there being a goodly number on exhibition, and all were first class animals.

The fair at the hall was very good indeed. The collection of fruit and vegetables was the largest ever on exhibition in this part of the county; while the ladies' department was filled to overflowing with articles both useful and ornamental.

The good people of this section turned out en masse in holiday attire, and all seemed bent on enjoying the occasion to their utmost capacity, and judging from their appearance we think they were not disappointed. The exhibition closed by the drawing, for sweepstakes purse, there being four pairs of horses competing, and so nearly equal were they that it took some time for the judges to decide, but finally they agreed to divide the prize between the team owned by S. R. Barnett of Abbot, and the team owned by A. M. Roberts of Greenville. Weight of team, 2,400 lbs.; weight of load, 6,750 lbs.; distance drawn at one pull, 6 ft.

Monson. J. F. THOMBS, Sec'y.

For the Maine Farmer.

Fall Ploughing for Future Crops.

Although we are having, prematurely, a foretaste of winter and the little icicles are fringing the eves of our dwellings and the snow sleet is clinging fast to the spires of our churches, we may expect the Indian Summer is not far in the distance, so that many a husbandman will yet have time, as he should do if possible, to plough his little fields for next springs early corn, potatoes and wheat; as by so doing, the former will become thorough pulverized by the action of the frost. Then in the spring spread manure liberally (not dung out in the hill) and cross plough in to the depth of four inches for corn and wheat.

For potatoes plow deep, say two or three inches deeper than for corn, it being well known that the roots of potatoes strike deep (unlike corn,) are very fibrous, they sprangle and scatter away from the hill and get all the benefit of the fertilizer with an increased production. The value and benefit of hilling potatoes is a mooted question. I think a sugar loaf hill quickly dries through, carries off the rains and fails to distribute it beneficially as upon a flat surface. Hilling potatoes or corn, is practically, of doubtful utility. The slow, hand labor in obtaining these crops may be reduced one third, to one half the cost by the use of horse and cultivator, or the horse hoe. Twice plowing and very liberal manuring cannot fail with the practice here suggested to bring good returns. Maine has shown a splendid yield of crops when we consider the inauspicious season through the Middle and Eastern States. She needs no bread stuff out of the limits of her own borders, if she will but adopt the *potato industry and policy as her guide.* She is now sending out of the State hundreds of thousands of bushels of this most excellent esculent to her old Mother State, Massachusetts and elsewhere. [We question the advice of our respected and ever welcome contributor on the subject of potato growing and exporting. It is not the true policy for Maine farmers; and they have suffered too much from it in the past to adhere to it in the future. Has not our friend lost his reckoning?—ED.]

New York. HENRY POOR.

For the Maine Farmer.

Agricultural Intelligence.

Season in Franklin County.

We are having winter in the middle of October. Four inches or more of snow fell on the 14th. The weather continues cold and the snow mostly remains. Cattle have come to the barn, stock is low and little has been sold. Hay is considered plenty, but I fear that many will run too much risk in keeping stock, and that we shall have a scarcity before spring. ALBERT PEASE.

Salem, Oct. 18.

Officers of West Oxford Ag'l Society.

At the late fair of this Society, which was well attended and which proved successful in every respect, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, Col. James Walker, Fryeburg; Vice President, George R. Bean, Denmark; Secretary, D. Lowell Lamson, Fryeburg; Treasurer, John Locke, Fryeburg; Trustees, A. P. Gordon, Andrew Buzzell, Fryeburg; Isaac A. Walker, Stowe; Aaron Jones, Sweden; Jerrod F. Berry, Denmark; Wm. H. Stickney, Brownfield; Ivory Wentworth, Hiram; James Garland, Porter; Henry G. Walker, Lowell.

Maine Dairymen's Association.

In answer to the inquiry of J. W. L., in the FARMER of Sept. 30th, I have simply to say that the committee, after fully considering the subject, decided that it would not be advisable to hold a fair this fall. In view of the great attraction at Philadelphia, the hard times and the depression under which dairying is at present laboring, and warned by the failures experienced by other societies in their attempts to hold fairs, the committee concluded not to move "toward the consummation of the purpose for which they were appointed." We further are of the opinion that it was left discretionary with us whether to hold any fair at all. If it was "voted to hold a fair not earlier than the middle of October," we are at a loss to see how J. W. L. could have expected "that steps would have been taken to hold said fair in connection with some of the county or local fairs." J. W. NORTH, JR.,

Augusta. *Chairman Com.*

The North Franklin

Cattle Show and Fair closed last evening. On both days the weather was rather cold, but the people came out in good numbers and we had a crowd, especially at the hall, which was very attractive. An address was given by P. A. Sawyer, Esq., in which he shew that as great men had tilled the soil and found the occupation to give profit and happiness, the occupation should not be despised by smaller and humbler men.

Phillips, Oct. 12. S. D.

The Mother Apple.

I wish to inquire through the FARMER if the Mother Apple is raised anywhere in Maine? I have not met with it anywhere among our orchardists. Some nice lots are now being brought in from Massachusetts. Will some one acquainted with it please give its character? [The Mother is no doubt grown by many cultivators in the State. At any rate Messrs. J. Pope & Son of Manchester, have it in their splendid orchard, and we have heretofore been favored with specimens from them. It is well described by Thomas, and is an apple of decided character—juicy, rich, very spicy, mild subacid, in eating with the Nodhead, and by many preferred to that highly esteemed sort. Will not those who grow it please give an account of their success with it?—ED.] S. N. T.

Query About Potatoes.

I wish to inquire through the FARMER what is a merchantable potato for starch making, and if there is any loss to the starch manufacturer if the potatoes are not thoroughly ripe—as they are sold by weight on a contract? No condition or variety is mentioned in the contract but the word "merchantable." [Merchantable is saleable. No man would think of purchasing poor, small, inferior or unripe products, and consequently no farmer would think of carrying them to market in this condition. Moreover, it is a matter of circumstance. Small apples for cider, and small potatoes to feed out to stock are *merchantable*, if a man wants to buy either for the purposes named. And we should say that potatoes for a starch factory are merchantable even if not large sized. But they should be fair and clean. Of course there is a loss if the potato is unripe, as the greater amount of starch is only obtained when the potato is fully perfected. Unripe potatoes would not be regarded as merchantable at a starch factory.—ED.]

Castle Hill. HENRY TILLEY.

A Great Crop of Corn.

Chas. Boyd of Newport, raised this year on 140 rods of land, 106 bushels of corn, besides the pig and trace corn. If any one has beat that I would like to hear from him. SUBSCRIBER.

Weather in Somerset.

It is very favorable for fall work, although rather dry to plow. Fall feed is excellent, and as yet we have had but little sign of winter. D.

Woman's Department.

Young and Old.

When we are young our boys are sweet,
They climb our knees and lie at our feet;
When we are old they are hard to please,
Cold as the rock and wild as the breeze;
They kiss us kindly and speak us fair,
But we know their hearts are otherwhere.
Oh, my son's my son till he gets him a wife,
But my daughter's my daughter all her life.

When we are young our days are bright,
And full of hope from noon till night;
When we are old we sit alone,
And think of pleasant days long gone,
When the house was full of the children's noise,
The wilful girls and the naughty boys.
Oh, my son's my son till he gets him a wife,
But my daughter's my daughter all my life.
—*Miss Malock in Harper's Magazine.*

For the Woman's Department.

Autumn Thoughts.

How swiftly and steadily time moves onward, changing the present into the dreamy past, and at the same time unrolling the mystical sheet of the future. Into the labyrinth of the past, spring and summer have vanished, never to return; and autumn has come, soon to follow.

How rich and beautiful is the distribution, that flows from the hand of Nature at this season of the year! The landscape is an ever-changing panorama of harvesting and beauty! The over-flowing bins, the well-filled barns and graneries; the reward for the farmer's labor, are well-pleasing pictures, both to the mind and eye. Autumn flowers are now at their brightest, and the hills which nearly surround us, are covered with the bright tinted foliage of trees of nearly every variety, which, intermingled with the dark evergreens, form a view truly magnificent.

But to enjoy autumn's beauties, we should stand beneath the aerial archway of deep blue, floating clouds, and golden sunshine; while the cool fresh breezes touch our cheek, and lift our hair, and seem to kindle new life within us. And as we note with quickened pulses the charm of shifting light and beauty that plays o'er landscape and sky; does not our heart throb with feelings of gratitude and praise, toward the Great Artist who painted it all? A touch of sadness may be mingled with our thoughts, as we hear the rustle of falling leaves, and occasionally the note of a lingering bird. For soon, perhaps e're this reaches you, dear FARMER, the gorgeous foliage of the forest will lie a heap of withered leaves beneath the bare branching trees, and the lingering birds will have fled.

But they will not be dead; ah, no! for with the spring-time the trees will bud and send forth their foliage as before, the flowers will live again, and the birds return. Thus with the dear ones that fade from our sight, whose bodies decay as the withered leaves. They are not dead! they have "gone before," and are living in that Land of continual spring-time, where no autumn cometh!

Dear friends of the Woman's Department, we may never meet on earth, but, as to one by one the Autumn of life cometh; I sincerely hope that all will be prepared to answer the call, "come up higher," where at last we may be united in inseparable union

ALFARETTA.

For the Woman's Department.

A Bundle of Queries.

Will not some contributor please tell me the best method for drying pumpkin; whether cut in strips and dried without cooking, or shall I stew and sift it and then spread it on plates to dry. Is iron or porcelain best in which to stew it, and should pumpkin be stewed slowly or fast?

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

Will not some of the readers of the MAINE FARMER give a recipe for coloring woolen a pretty, dark brown, and greatly oblige, a CONSTANT READER.

EAST MACHIAS.

Will some one who has used tin or wood butter moulds, state how they like them and where they can be obtained?

How can I boil dumplings so they will rise up round and light; mine are always heavy. Ought the soup to boil when they are put in? A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

Sunny Rooms Make Sunny Lives.

Let us take the airiest, choicest and sunniest room in the house for our living room—the workshop where brain and body are built up and renewed. And there let us have a bay window, no matter how plain in structure, through which the good twin angels of nature—sunlight and pure air—can freely enter. This window shall be the poem of the house. It shall give freedom and scope for eye and mind. We shall hang no picture on our walls that can compare with the living and everlasting pictures which God shall paint for us through our ample window. Rosy dawns, golden-hearted sunsets, the tender green and changing tints of spring, the glow of summer, the p

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, October 28, 1876.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$2.00 IN ADVANCE, OR $2.50 IF NOT PAID WITHIN THREE MONTHS OF DATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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☞ All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date in connection with the subscriber's name will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for moneys remitted by him.

☞ A subscriber desiring to change his post office direction or to discontinue his paper, must communicate to us the *name of the office to which it has previously been sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Collectors' Notices.

Mr. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our subscribers in Androscoggin and Oxford county.

Mr. J. P. CLARK will call upon subscribers in Piscataquis county during the month of November.

Mr. S. S. TABER will call upon our Subscribers in Washington Co., during the months of October and November.

The Eastern War.

The situation in Europe has not materially changed for several days, and war between Russia and Turkey, is still regarded as absolutely certain. Occasionally we hear rumors of new efforts for the preservation of the peace, but warlike preparations are steadily going forward, and the gravity of the situation is such as to affect more or less, all the money and stock markets of the world. As to the merits of the quarrel which so nearly concerns all the great powers of Europe, we have freely expressed ourselves on former occasions, and probably our readers have their own views upon the subject, and it is only concerning the positions of the several governments, and the changes in the situation, that they need to be informed.

It is well known that the attitude of Russia for weeks has been aggressive toward Turkey, and that she has evidently only been waiting a plausible pretext for invading the realms of the Sultan with a great army. The outrages upon the Sclavic Christians in Bulgaria, and the refusal of the Sublime Porte to grant suitable concessions to the provinces, have afforded the required protexts, and the army of the north is already moving towards the scene of conflict. Had the other powers joined with Russia in insisting on such reforms as would guaranty the provinces against further outrage, it is probable that war might have been averted, but jealousy of the Czar prevented unity of action on the part of the other great powers, and relying upon this jealousy, Turkey believed that England in particular, would stand by her under any and all circumstances. Too late she now sees her mistake, and that under the guise of friendship, England, as usual, has only been pursuing her own selfish policy. That policy is now pretty clearly developed. A cable telegram announces that at Her Majesty's Cabinet meeting Thursday, it was resolved that the invasion of Turkey by Russia should be the signal for occupying Constantinople with a large force of British troops, and the movement of the fleet of ironclads from Besika Bay to the Golden Horn. This movement will not be in the interest of Turkey, which England has decided to leave to its fate, but for the purpose of holding it and making it a second Gibralter. This she will claim as her share of the spoils, leaving the other Turkish territory to be divided among whatever nations may be able to subdue and hold it. If the non-belligerent powers, such as Germany, France and Austria oppose this course, the British policy will be to occupy Egypt, a movement which is rendered necessary by the vital importance to Great Britain of the Suez canal.

It is believed that Austria and Germany have a perfect understanding with Russia, and a secret treaty of Italy with the same power is suspected. France has expressed a determination to remain neutral, and her geographical position will enable her to do so, provided she really desires it. Austria on the other hand, has territory bordering on Servia, and Great Britain has immense interests in the East. With Russia, Austria and Germany arrayed against her, with France neutral, and the British lion looking out for his own interest, and with a formidable rebellion in her own provinces, Turkey would indeed be in a desperate condition. All these evils now threaten her.

The United States has no direct interest in the issues of the impending conflict. We are situated many thousand miles from the probable theatre of war, and we are on friendly terms with all the nations which are liable to be mixed up in the difficulty. But we cannot be wholly indifferent to a conflict which is liable to change materially the map of Europe. Our sympathies are strongly excited in favor of the oppressed and persecuted inhabitants of the Turkish provinces, and if this war results in their deliverance we shall feel that it has not been in vain. With the questions of supremacy which control entirely the action of some of the great powers, we have nothing to do. But there is the question of human progress underlying all the others, in which we have a deep interest. For more than four hundred years Turkey has stood at the gates of the Orient, and has been an impassible barrier to the march of improvement in that direction. If the impending war, however selfish and base may be the motives which inaugurate and carry it on, shall result in blotting Turkey from the map of Europe, it will be no crime against civilization.

In a certain sordid sense we shall be benefitted by such a war. It will enable us to exchange our large surplus products for European gold, and it will give employment to our mechanics, in furnishing the combatants with arms and the munitions of war. It will also aid us in the sale of our securities, which will naturally advance as those of the nations engaged in the struggle, depreciate.

Since the above was written we have dispatches which indicate that the war cloud is less threatening, and through a rift we have a little light, though it may prove to be only a delusive will-o-the-wisp. It is reported that Russia has presented her terms of peace to Turkey, which embrace the following points: Six weeks armistice, administrative independence for Bulgaria, Bosnia and Herzegovina, and the execution of reforms under the supervision of foreign powers. It is even reported that Turkey has conceded these demands. If so, there is certainly some ground for the hope that war may yet be averted. The withdrawal of English aid which had been relied upon, and the development of her selfish policy, is said to have created a strong impression upon the mind of the Turkish government, and if the late reports are true, doubtless these had much to do in bringing about the result. An advance in consols in the English market tends to strengthen the hopes of peace. Meantime heavy fighting is reported between Turkey and the Provinces, with heavy losses on both sides.

☞ The will of the late Francis O. J. Smith, filed in the probate court, leaves fifty thousand dollars to the home for aged and indigent women; fifty thousand to Cumberland bar law library; ten thousand to the New Hampshire Historical Society; ten thousand to Phillips Academy, N. H., where he was educated; all to be paid out of the six hundred thousand dollar claim against the Cornell estate, when collected. His other property is divided among his heirs and others, forty thousand dollars each being left to three of the children and four thousand dollars to the town of Deering, to keep his tomb in repair. The remainder of his wealth to provide fuel for the poor.

CITY NEWS AND GOSSIP.—Good apples are brought to this city from Boston and retailed at from $2 to $2.50 per barrel.——Messrs. Fuller & Percival, grocerymen of this city, have adopted a uniform for themselves and their employes.——Hon. J. W. Bradbury and wife have left the city to be absent several months. They will stop at the Centennial on their way.——A vacation of two weeks in the village schools commenced last Monday.——Sunday was observed as Autumn Sunday in the Unitarian church. The church was decorated and the services were suited to the occasion.——Frank R. Partridge, our popular druggist, left with the school teachers for the Centennial Monday.——The trot at G. M. Robinson's Central Park, in this city, on Thursday of last week, wits well attended, the afternoon being very pleasant. A very interesting race was that between "Knox Boy," owned by Mr. Carr, and "Louise," owned by Mr. Robinson. "Knox Boy" won the race, best three in five, in 2.31 1-2.——The Kennebec *Journal* has a long obituary notice of "Guard." He was a very intelligent Newfoundland dog, and was owned by Col. DeWitt.——Rev. Dr. Archer is spending a few days in this city.——We are indebted to Mr. J. H. Clapp for some delicious pears raised in his garden.——Mr. B. S. Kelley of Winthrop addressed the Augusta Reform Club Sunday afternoon.——Partridge has just received an invoice of nice hyacinths and crocus bulbs all the way from Holland. Now is the time to buy them.——Mr. Howard McKinney, a young man from this city, while working at the ice houses of George E. Weeks, a tSouth Gardiner, last week sustained quite a severe injury to his left leg, caused by the slipping of an ice pick. He was brought home, where his wound was dressed, and, though suffering greatly, is now doing well, but will necessarily be laid up for some time to come.——The *Journal* says that there are now forty persons in the Kennebec jail, largest number since the war.——Mrs. Lois E. Tibbets, the Boothbay child murderer, is in the insane hospital for observation. There is scarcely any doubt that the woman is insane. Since being brought to the hospital she is reticent, never speaking of the affair, and seems entirely harmless and peaceable. Although but nineteen years of age, she is the mother of two children, her surviving child being a little girl, two and one-half years old.——Four days of foggy dog-days weather were succeeded Wednesday morning by clear skies and bright sunshine.——It is said that Maggie Mitchell is soon coming to Augusta.——Messrs. Dunning and Lombard, grocers, have sold out their stock of goods to E. M. Boynton, recently of Manchester.——Mr. North's new house on Grove street, is nearly completed and will soon be occupied. It is a neat little house and we learn that half a dozen applications have already been made for it. Mr. North is entitled to much credit for the manner in which he has improved the real estate he recently purchased. His three nice houses, all in a row, are an ornament to the street.——Attention is called to the advertisement of Mrs. V. T. Blackwell, in another column.——The Continental Life Insurance Company of New York has suspended. There were several policy holders in this city.——Ira D. Sturgis, Esq., has just returned from a business trip to the South.

☞ We regret to be obliged to chronicle the death of one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Augusta. We refer to Hon. Sylvanus Caldwell, who died at his late residence on State street, Sunday evening. Mr. Caldwell came to Augusta in 1827, and for almost half a century he has been identified with the interests of the town and city. His father, Capt. Sylvanus of Ipswich, was engaged in coasting between the Kennebec and ports in Massachusetts, and two of his sons, Sylvanus and William came here with him when they were boys. Sylvanus, Jr., at first entered the store of Vose & Bridge, and afterwards was a partner with Mr. James Bridge, and was still later a member of the firm of Lunt, Caldwell & Co., and of Hamlin & Caldwell. He afterwards kept a store in North's Block until 1869, when his brother, who had been elected Treasurer of State, appointed him his assistant. This position he held during the five years his brother was treasurer, and since that time has held a similar position with his brother's successor.

At the organization of the city government Mr. Caldwell was elected to the Common Council and was Mayor during the years 1861, 1862, 1864 and 1866. He was a competent and faithful public officer, and a valuable citizen. Always kind and courteous, he made friends of all who either socially or by business relations came in contact with him. Physically, he was not a strong man, and his close attention to business since he became connected with the State treasury, seriously impaired his health. He gave up work last summer and for several weeks before his death was confined to his bed. Though there were times when his friends had strong hopes of his recovery, he continued steadily to run down, became fearfully emaciated, and finally died from exhaustion. He was married in 1842 to Hannah R., daughter of David Buckminster of Saco, who survives him. His only son, Charles, born in 1846, has been for several years in California. He leaves eight brothers and sisters residing in different sections of the country.

☞ Eben Sawyer, one of our venerable and respected citizens, died at his home on Winthrop street, very suddenly, Thursday week. He was about as usual during the day, but suffered an attack of apoplexy in the afternoon, from the effects of which he died in the evening. He was born in Addison, Maine, December 20, 1799, and had lived seven years beyond his allotted three-score and ten. He was a master mechanic, and once lived in Sidney, but came to Augusta half a century ago. For many years he had charge of the cemeteries near Augusta, and with his own hands had just fitted him up a lot in Forest Grove, where his remains were deposited Monday afternoon. He leaves a second wife, and seven children by his first. We believe Mr. Sawyer was the grandson of that Sawyer, who about a century ago, in company with forty or fifty others, moved from the old town of Scarborough to Machias, which was then a wilderness. The descendants of these emigrants are still the leading men of Machias.

☞ Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is advertised to lecture in this city on Thursday evening next. If the expectations of the parties who have entered into this speculation shall be realized and Granite Hall filled, at one dollar admission, to hear Mr. Beecher, an amount of money will be drawn from the pockets of our people sufficient to secure and sustain a popular course of lectures by gentlemen who, if not of equal ability, would at least have the prestige of respectable character to recommend them, and at the same time be able to furnish to their hearers a much more varied and useful entertainment for the money expended. We throw out the suggestion for what it is worth.

☞ An error appears in the announcement of the meeting of the Board of Agriculture on our first page. "Free return tickets will be given out at connection, &c.," should read at *convention*.

☞ We were in error last week in our statement that Rev. I. S. Kalloch, was a graduate of Colby University. He attended there for a short time, but never graduated.

☞ Smith, the supposed murderer of the family of Mr. Trim, at Bucksport, has been committed to jail to wait the action of the grand jury. The proceedings of the coroner's inquest have not been divulged.

☞ The malachite articles and ornaments in the Russian department of the International Exposition attract the attention of all, though perhaps they are not by all justly appreciated. We have heard of one lady who, with note-book and pencil in hand, was being wheeled through the building, and who, on nearing the malachite display, ordered a halt and was seen to make this entry in her book: "Green things from Russia," and then, with a satisfied air, she passed on. Malachite, which is a native carbonate of copper, is by no means a rare mineral, small quantities being found in many places, in connection with other ores of copper, but the Ural Mountains is the only locality where it has been found sufficiently massive to admit of its being wrought into table tops, &c. It has a fibrous structure, and admits of a high polish. It is variegated with different shades of green and is very beautiful. Its rarity in large masses and the difficulty with which it is wrought, render it too expensive for common use. A common sized card table with a top of this mineral was marked $2,400. A small clock with malachite panels was marked sold for $500. The smallest ornaments, such as small plain crosses, were marked five or six dollars each.

In the same collection we noticed two or three stands with tops of *lapis lazuli*, a beautiful bright blue mineral, rarer and more expensive, even, than the malachite. This mineral is also variegated with different shades of blue. It is generally found only in small masses, and is composed of phosphoric acid, alumina and magnesia. Russia, thus far, is the only country that has been able to produce furniture and ornaments of this description.

In the United States Government building are several fine specimens of malachite from the copper mines in Nevada, and some from other places in the remote west, but the largest are only masses of about a pound in weight. In color and texture they are just as good as the specimens which came all the way from the Ural Mountains, and in small ornaments would doubtless look as well. Possibly it may yet be found in large masses, in this country.

Russia also has a display of small articles and ornaments from stones quite unknown in this country, such as Labrador, rhodonite and nephrite. In the bunches of fruit carved from these rare minerals the natural colors of the stones re-produce almost exactly the colors of the fruit. Raspberries, plums, currants, green-gages and grapes are thus produced and are made on paper weights or set in the front of mantels. A large malachite mantel with a mosaic front of differently colored stones is valued at $6,500. A small box wrought from a solid mass of malachite and ornamented, is marked $1,200. The artistic design and beautiful finish of all these articles are highly creditable to Russian skill, and are greatly admired by all who examine them.

DOINGS AT THE COURT HOUSE. The grand jury reported the following indictments Saturday, and were discharged: Fred Brann, malicious mischief; James Harris, same; Mich. Smith and George Britt, store breaking in the night time; Leon Jordan, burglary; Deane Burgess et al., breaking and larceny; Elizabeth Hussey, assault and battery; Charles F. Taylor, same; William H. Morrill, incest; John M. Bent, com. sel.; and the following for keeping liquor nuisances, Abby Morang, Amasa Douglass, Oscar Emerson, Henry Barney, Angevine O. Smith, Marshall Hayes, James Perry, Joseph Pooler, Alexander Lafontaine, Howard Dearborn, John Chase & ux., Sanford Cooper, Levi Lashus, John McNamara and Michael Shehan. Most of the indictments for liquor nuisances were of parties from Waterville. The trial of the criminal docket was begun Monday morning, and will probably be finished this week. Smith and Britt have pleaded guilty to breaking into Wood's store, and are awaiting sentence. Charles F. Taylor, R. J. Keniston et al., Elizabeth Hussey and Levi Lashus have been tried and found guilty. The latter put in the plea that he sold only native wines and cider which he supposed were not intoxicating. The Jury did not view it in the same light.

☞ The Kennebec County Congregational Conference convened at the Congregational church at Waterville, on Tuesday and Wednesday. The afternoon of Tuesday was occupied with a sermon and devotional services; and the evening with "Bible reading and discussion of the themes, The mind of Christ" and "The best methods for the study and use of God's Word." Wednesday forenoon, concert of prayer, reports from churches, and other exercises. Afternoon, Conference sermon and communion; and in the evening praise meeting and lecture. Each church was represented by delegates, half of whom were ladies.

RELIGIOUS INSANITY. A telegram from Biddeford says the police were informed Friday forenoon that Mrs. Charles E. Smith, keeping a small fancy goods store, had been found insensible in a room near her store. When discovered she was cold, rigid and supposed to be dead, but revived under medical treatment. She declared that God had appeared to her and she had died for him, but she should rise the third day. She is supposed to be insane from religious excitement, and her husband now at Halifax, has been telegraphed for.

☞ On Friday night between 8 and 9 P. M. a young man named Gordon, son of Collector Gordon, went up to his father's house, a short distance from Brettun's Mills, Livermore. Just as he was entering the house he saw the flash of a pistol and felt the concussion. He turned on his heels and fled. The theory is that the person who discharged the pistol, supposed his mark was Collector Gordon, and that his aim was to rob the Collector.

☞ We are requested to state that Rev. R. G. Toles will deliver a lecture upon the work of the Baldwin Place Home for Little Wanderers, in the Free Baptist church in this city, October 29, at 10.30 o'clock, A. M.; at the Methodist church at 2.30 P. M., and at the Granite church at 7 P. M. A collection will be taken up for the benefit of the Home. A choir of children from the Home will be present and sing some of their choice pieces of music. This is a worthy charity and should receive liberal support.

☞ The Universalist church in Rockland, was dedicated on Wednesday of this week, the services beginning at 10 o'clock A. M. Rev. T. E. St. John, of Worcester, Mass., preached the sermon, and Rev. G. W. Quinby, D. D., Rev. J. O. Skinner, Rev. C. P. Nash and other clergymen took part in the services. There was a conference meeting in the vestry on Tuesday evening, and meetings for preaching and conference were continued through Wednesday and Thursday.

FALL OF A BRIDGE. Pottle bridge situated about a mile from Mechanic Falls, fell Thursday morning, carrying with it one man and a number of cattle into the water. The cattle were owned by J. E. Leighton of Gray. W. F. Russell of Hartford, a drover, was badly injured about the head.

☞ A man named Brown was found dead in his bed at a hotel in Rockland where he was boarding, Thursday morning. He had been unwell for several days, but was not considered dangerous. Deceased belonged on Smutty Nose Island.

☞ Robert Reed, one of the oldest settlers of the town of Perkins, fell dead at Richmond Saturday morning, while launching his boat to return to Swan's Island. He was 76 years old, and is supposed to have died of heart disease.

KENNEBEC COUNTY ITEMS. The Kennebec Journal says that Warren Evans, superintendent of the North Vassalboro woolen mills, was quite badly injured recently. Workmen were tearing up an old floor, and as Mr. Evans was passing from one room to another, a plank struck him on the head, cutting a gash through his skull.——Thursday night a man named Joseph Berns, belonging in Brooklyn, N. Y., and a seaman on board the schooner Mail, Capt. Wakefield, Gardiner, fell through the hatchway, breaking his arm, crushing his shoulder, and receiving severe internal injuries.——The National Minstrels of Togus gave an entertainment Thursday evening, in Wilson Hall, Hallowell, during which Mr. George Annable, of the troupe, won a silver cup by playing a bone solo. The Minstrels are now well organized for the winter campaign, and perform better than ever.——On Saturday last a young lady by the name of Turner, living in Rome, committed suicide by throwing herself into the Snow pond, at Jamaica Point. Her body was found soon afterwards and conveyed to the house of her parents who live in the town. Miss Turner was a simple-minded girl. No particular cause is assigned for committing the act.——Rev. Mr. Whitmarsh of East Winthrop, preached his farewell sermon at the Baptist church on Sunday last, the 15th inst. It was pronounced one of the ablest sermons preached in that house for several years.——At a regular meeting of Warren Division S. of T. in Gardiner, held Monday evening, the following officers were elected: David Potter, W. P.; Miss Ida Harriman, W. A.; H. K. Morrill, R. S.: Miss Emma Jaquith, A. R. S.; S. Lane, F.; S. J. Nash, S.; R. M. Smiley, Chap.; Miss Alice Harriman, C.; M. Spear, A. C.; J. C. Dill, I. S.; A. J. Harriman, O. S.——Two mineral springs have been discovered in Vienna.——Mr. Samuel Collins, who resides at the Forks of the Road in Manchester, has received a handsome gift from the heirs of the late Robert H. Gardiner, at Gardiner. Mr. Collins formerly kept the house at the "Outlet," and for thirty years had the care of the dam of the Cobbosseecontee pond. On Wednesday last, he received from the hands of Josiah Maxcy, Esq., an elegant and valuable silverheaded black ebony cane.——Giles Folsom of Gardiner, was arrested Wednesday, by Deputy Sheriff C. R. Morton of Union, for an aggravated assault upon John Hysler of Washington, October 6th.——Our correspondent (J. P. C.) writes that the entertainment at Echo Hall, Riverside, on Monday evening, for the benefit of Mr. Clifford, preacher in charge, was a success. The hall was well filled and the exercises were very creditable. The singing by the children was highly applauded. Much credit is due those who got up the entertainment. The Farmers' Band was in attendance and enlivened the occasion with excellent music. After the exercises the audience partook of an antiquarian supper. The net proceeds of the evening were about sixty dollars.

MURDER IN VERMONT. Herbert O. White of Weathersfield, Vt., left home the 6th of October by invitation of Henry Gravlin of Weathersfield, to make arrangements for laying a stone wall on Gravlin's farm. White has been missing since. His horse was found in Gravlin's pasture in Cavendish, seven miles from Weathersfield, a few days since. The buggy and harness have not been found. Gravlin was seen returning from said pasture Sunday morning, the 8th inst., which led to the suspicion of his being privy to White's disappearance. In the meantime Gravlin was arrested on a charge of burning James Weston's buildings on the 10th inst., was tried and bound over to the December term.

Friday morning N. L. Meader, Gravlin's hired man, and G. H. Leland, employed as keeper of Gravlin's property, while looking after cattle in the pasture one-half mile from Gravlin's house, came across a well, apparently nearly covered over with stone. Curiosity led them to look into the well, when they discovered the dead body head downward. They at once came to Windsor and notified the authorities, who notified the selectmen of Weathersfield of the event. The body was removed from the well and proved to be that of the missing man, White.

An examination showed a fearful gash cut obliquely on the right side of the head, another on the back of the head, and the right side of the head completely mashed in. The blows were probably struck with an axe. Gravlin's family, consisting of a daughter 17 years of age, Miss Baker, the housekeeper, a young girl named Potnod, the hired man Meader, Frank Jackson and a young man named John Potnod, were arrested by deputy sheriff Amsden on suspicion of complicity. An old fued existed between Gravlin and White. And the former has the reputation of being a notorious character.

RELEASED FROM PRISON.—Langdon W. Moore, chief of the gang of bank robbeers who robbed the Lime Rock Bank in 1870, of whom he, with Hight and Litchfield, were sent to the state prison at Thomaston, passed through Portland, Friday on his return to New York. He was sentenced to prison September 30th, 1870, under a sentence of seven years, which he has served out, less the deduction of five days for each month of good conduct allowed by law. Moore is understood to be an expert cracksman and is notorious for his connection with the heavy robbery of the Concord Bank, and more recently for the robbery of the Norway Savings Bank, both of which affairs he managed to fix up without serving any time therefor.

A FISH PURCHASE. We learn that Mr. C. G. Atkins has purchased from Messrs. Shaw Bros. the exclusive right to take spawn at Grand Lake Stream for one or ten years, paying for the privilege $250 per annum. The Shaw Bros. through the purchase of land on both sides of the stream have control of its waters and are enabled to convey this right. Mr. Atkins, however, is still bound to return twenty-five per cent of the fish hatched, to the waters from which the spawn was taken, in accordance with State requirement.

☞ The ninth annual meeting of Maine Pharmaceutical Association commenced its session in Portland, Tuesday of last week, President Charles K. Partridge, Augusta presiding. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, C. K. Partridge, Augusta; Vice President, A. G. Schlotterbeck, Portland; Treasurer and Secretary, H. Boynton, Biddeford; Executive Committee, H. T. Cummings, Portland; John G. Cook, Lewiston; N. S. Harlow, Bangor; A. G Schlotterbeck, Portland; H. H. Hay, Portland; H. Boynton, Biddeford.

☞ A fatal shooting accident occurred near Mechanic Falls Friday morning. George Beals and Charles Lane, aged about seventeen respectively, were out gunning. While going down hill Lane tripped and fell against Beals who was walking ahead, throwing them both to the ground. Lane's gun was accidently discharged, the contents lodging in the back, just above the right hip, of Beals, making a fearful wound. A physician was called and did everything possible, but without avail, the sufferer dying about five o'clock that evening.

☞ A shocking railroad accident occurred on the Cheshire road near Keene, N. H., Saturday night. A wild engine ran into a freight train and completely wrecked the freight engine and killed the engineer, Henry M. Staples, and the fireman, Lewis Phillips. The engineer and fireman of the other engine were not seriously injured, their engine being free to recoil on a down grade.

SHIPPING NOTES. J. M. Hagar's new ship, "Queentsone," 1600 tons, was successfully launched at Richmond Thursday afternoon the rates A1 American Lloyds and is considered the finest vessel ever built by him.

A despatch from Rockland, of Friday 20th says the revenue cutter J. C. Dobbin, just arrived, reports the schooner Cuba, of and from St. John, had put in at Southwest Harbor, Mt. Desert, Thursday with loss of main boom and a portion of her deck load of lumber. Also the schooner J. F. Duren, with loss of foretopmast.

A Friday's despatch from Quebec says the loss on the north shore of six fishing schooners is reported. In one instance the crew, seven in number, perished.

On Thursday the schooner Howard Steele, arrived at Gloucester, Mass., with the Captain and crew of the schooner George Kilborn, of Bangor, who were picked up Tuesday from their sinking vessel off Cape Elizabeth. The Kilborn was bound for Boston with a cargo of lumber. Her crew consisted of Edwin Tucker, captain, Peter Lewis, mate, George Nelson, steward, and Fred McCobb and Joseph Gray, sailors. Sunday at 8 p. m. the Kilborn encountered heavey weather with a strong northwesterly wind off Cape Elizabeth lights. The vessel leaked badly and at 9 o'clock all hands were at the pumps with five feet of water in the hold. The deck-load of lumber was thrown overboard but despite all efforts, at 3 o'clock Monday morning the vessel was full and the sea breaking over her in a clear breach. At 10 o'clock the cabin washed off the deck, and all the provisions and water were lost. From that time until they were taken off, 28 hours, the crew were without food or water. They lost everything except the clothing they wore and suffered acutely from cold, being obliged to stand knee deep in the water which covered the deck.

Schooner Ocean Ranger, Parker, of and from Bangor, for New York, lumber laden, which left Portland Sunday evening, sprung aleak off Boone Island Monday morning week. The crew were taken off Tuesday morning by schooner Witchcraft, Hamilton, from Georges, and brought into Gloucester Thursday morning. Soon after the crew were taken off the vessel capsized.

Melbourne advices of the 23d ult., report all hopes abandoned of the safety of any passengers or crew left on the steamer Dandenog, which foundered off Jervis Bay, Sept. 11th. Fragments of the wreck have come ashore. Bark Albert William took off 22 passengers and 12 of the crew. The survivors state that the best of order was maintained throughout, that all the women and children were first cared for and that only one woman remained on the steamer, and that she stayed of her own free will, as she would not leave her invalid husband and child. Several passengers refused to trust to the boats and several preferred to wait for the captain's boat, which was never launched, as the captain and all who remained on board went down.

A number of minor casualties are reported during the hurricane in which the Dandenog was lost. The storm was the most severe ever felt on the coast. Steamer City of Melborne from Sydney to Melborne was forced to return, badly damaged in her upper works. She had on board a number of horses valued at $60,000, which were killed during the gale.

The schooner October Raddin, of and from Wiscasset, Me., loaded with lumber and shooks, for Gloucester, went ashore Sunday, on Milk Island. The vessel and cargo are a total loss. The crew were saved.

The schooner Barraconta, Captain Newbury, brought in the wreck of the schooner Ocean Ranger. She picked her up on Wednesday, 99 miles off Thacher's Island. The Ranger was disabled and abandoned on Tuesday morning, off Boone Island. She was loaded with lumber for New York from Bangor, Mo.

The schooner Sapon Brugson from Sullivan, Me., with granite for New York, went ashore on Saturday night, half a mile east of Eastern point light. The vessel and cargo are a total loss. The crew were saved.

Schooner G. T. Huntress of Gloucester, brought to Provincetown, Sunday, Leonidas Pendleton, mate, and Hobart Dodge, cook, the only survivors of the brig Almira of Islesboro,' Maine, which had sailed from Portland on the 14th inst., and was wrecked the same night. They were found on a raft Saturday afternoon, 93 miles E. N. E. off Highland Light. Capt. Pendleton and a colored man died and the rest of the crew jumped overboard. The two survivors are improving.

TURF NOTES. Smuggler was beaten again by Great Eastern Friday in three straight heats. Time 2.21, 2.24 1-2, 2.25.

The Fall meeting at Beacon Park closed Thursday. In the 2.31 race, purse $200, there were seven contestants, and won by ch. g. Pilot Boy. Time, 2.32 1-2, 2.32 1-4, 2.32, 2.34.

2.50 class, purse $150, four starters, won by b. g. Everett. Time, 2.32, 2.35, 2.34 1-4, 2.34.

A race came off Wednesday and excited considerable interest. Larrabee's br. s. Tom Collins was matched against Bond's gr. s. Good Friday for a purse of $100. Good Friday won in 2.55.

The second race at Baltimore, the Dixie stakes two miles, was won by Virgil, time 3.41 1-2. The third race, the Central stakes, one mile won by Susquehanna, time 1.49 1-2.

☞ The death of ex-Sultan Murad is officially announced from Constantinople. This cannot be regarded as a dire calamity for at the time of his abdication he had become a complete wreck, from the combined effects of debauchery, disease, and the cares of office. Since then we have been informed that his brain had softened, and that his death might be looked for at any time. Remembering the fate of his predecessor, there are many persons, perhaps the majority, who believe that he has been foully dealt with. With the Turks the descendant of the Prophet is either a Sultan or a dog. The very moment he steps down and out from his high estate he becomes a nonentity, only fit to be hustled out of sight as quickly as possible. When he dies his remains are treated with as little respect as if he had been one of his own eunuchs.

☞ The markets in New York were less excited Thursday than on the previous day. Money loomed up to 4 per cent on call and then fell off to 2 per cent. Gold was less excited and loaned at 110 1-2 to 111 1-4. Stocks were more quiet, but firm. Governments were firm, but dull. Flour advanced 10 and 25 cents, and opened active and closed quiet. Corn was 1-2 cent better. In Chicago, flour advanced 25 cents, wheat was excited and higher and closed somewhat lower. Corn was higher.

☞ The cash admissions to the Centennial Saturday were as follows: Main building, 73,150, at 50 cts., and 8,310 at 25 cts.; to live stock exhibition, 666. The receipts during the week were the largest of any week of the exhibition, the number of cash admissions being 614,725. During Pennsylvania week the number of admissions were greater, but the price of admission was 25 cts. on Saturday of that week. The continued large attendance must be very gratifying to the managers.

PERILS OF THE SEA.—The season of storms has come when great dangers surround those who go down to the sea in ships, as will be seen by the long list of maritime casualties which may be found in another column. Navigation along the New England coast is especially hazardous at this season of the year, but brave men are always found ready to engage in it.

For the Maine Farmer.

Random Thoughts and Recollections.

Number 2.

If I were about to write an autobiography, I suppose the proper way to begin, would be something after this fashion: The sun first had the pleasure of beholding my eyes while peeping through the window blinds of the chamber wherein I was born, just as the nurse was putting on my virgin robes, on the morning of November 13, A.D. 1817, &c., &c. As, however, I do not intend to write a biography, but rather, to "work out a lode" of old memories, I will begin as miners generally do, by "sinking a shaft" at a point nearly equi-distant between the two ends of the lode, "running my drifts" and "cross-cuts" whithersoever the capricious twistings of the "ore vein" shall lead me.

Most of my young readers will remember that one Oliver Podd made a trip to Paris; so, also, did I make a trip to Boston, about forty-four years ago last August. It was my first visit to New England's metropolis, and its incidents are well remembered. At that period there were but two methods of reaching that city from Augusta, viz.: by packet or stage coach. The former was the easiest, the least expensive, and most popular of the two, and was generally adopted in the summer season by all classes of travelers, including merchants and other business men. To be sure it involved—as a rule—a greater loss of time, than the latter method; but it should be remembered that, in that slow going age, time was a commodity of which people in general had more than they had of money, and therefore did not feel its loss.

The good "packet sloop, Nelson," whereof "Heath" was commander, was advertised to sail from the "town landing" in Augusta for T wharf, in Boston, on a specified day. Having booked my name for a passage, at the office of the agency, I proceeded to make the usual arrangements for the voyage. William H. Chisam, then a young man, just beginning business at Augusta as "Tailor and Draper," made me a full suit of clothes. The coat was the first of the "swallow tail" kind that I had ever had on; very close fitting, and with a collar at least four inches high; the pants were as tight as the skin, from the waist down to the knees, from toence downwards expanding till, at the foot, they assumed the extremest sailor dimensions. Just how I looked in that rig, I do not exactly know, and as I was dressed in the fashion, I certainly do not care; but when I had it on I *felt* as though I were in stocks. This latter word reminds me that, to complete my toilet, I wore a patent leather stock around my neck. No offense is intended to friend Chisam, when I say that if he should be caught rigging out a young lad in that style nowadays, he would either be hung, or sent to the State prison for life.

The sailing day of the "Packet Nelson" having arrived, I took my leather valise (carpet-bags are a *post bellum* invention, and were designed expressly for the use of political vagabonds) in hand, and repaired on board. Everything being in readiness, the customary parting words were exchanged, the command given to cast off the bow line, when the Nelson, obedient to the impulses of the current, turned her prow gracefully toward the sea. By the joint action of the tow-line and the tide we were enabled to reach the anchorage abreast of "Mill Rock" the first day out. By the aid of the same forces, we reached Shephard's wharf in safety, at the end of the second day. There were two passengers besides myself—rural gentlemen—whose names I do not remember. The "ship's company" was not a very numerous one the chief officer, cook, and all hands consisting, mainly, of John Heath, a brother of the captain, and an Irishman, who had shipped to work his passage. The captain, having an eye to saving expenses, probably, did not ship a large crew—relying, no doubt, in case of any unexpected emergency, upon assistance from his passengers. However, they were not called upon to perform any more arduous duty than that of giving a pull at the "grub halyards," three times a day, and to occasionally lend a helping hand to "splice the main brace," a nautical evolution, not then objected to by even the most fastidious landsman, since the operation was popularly supposed to be a preventive of seasickness. The third day out, we came to an anchor just below the town of Gardiner. On the morning of the fourth day—the wind still being contrary—orders were again given to "man the tow-line;" whereupon the Irishman came aft, hat in hand, and in a tone of subdued anguish that I never shall forget, said: "Captain Hathe, if I am going to Boston on foot, I'd sooner be going without the big rope, than wid it." This satire upon packet voyaging was received with a laugh all round, and the captain having assured his mutinous sailor that one more tide would bring the sloop into waters where she could be "worked," he returned to his duty. That night we reached the head of the "narrows," where we found quite a fleet of coasters at anchor, awaiting a favorable "slant" of wind, to enable them to make the passage of that dangerous strait. It was a delightful summer evening, not a cloud in the sky, not a ripple upon the water, just air enough to bring to our ears, with a sort of melancholy cadence, the melodious strains of a violin, evidently in the hands of an artist, on board of a windward packet. The boat was ordered "alongside," and in less time than I am telling it, we had reached the source of the entertaining melody. Perched upon the top of a huge deck load of hay sat that "ancient mariner," Capt. Till Springer, working off, through the strings of an old violin, the surplus music with which his whole soul was charged. It would take the musical critic of the Boston *Advertiser* to do justice to his skillful rendering of those delightful songs: "Molly put the kettle on," and "We wont go home till morning." The latter was given with peculiar unction, after the imbibation of about the fourth "round." Not until the "wee sma' hours" did we find ourselves berthed in the cabin of the "good sloop Nelson." The next morning, at break of day, we got the long waited-for "slant" of wind from the "nor'west," and were soon under way for the "Narrows," which we passed in safety. We "made" Bath about noon, where we met the "flood tide," and with it a head wind, and we're compelled to anchor. This, although a disappointment, was not an unmixed evil; since the delay occasioned by adverse winds, had caused our "fluid extracts" to run short, and we were thereby enabled to replenish our stock. Now that we had "sea-room" and a fresh breeze from the "sou'west," with two ebb tides the "Nelson" was "worked" to an anchorage on "Parker's Flats." Here, we were detained for three days longer—the wind having fallen to a dead calm. The time, however, passed away pleasantly enough, in the amusement of clam digging, and in visiting the different vessels, which like our own, were "wind-bound." The circumstance connected with this provoking delay, that seemed to cast its melancholy shadow over all countenances, was the liability of our "small stores" to again give out. Happily, however, on the morning of the fourth day, the wind came fair and fresh, the anchor was weighed, the jib run up, the mainsail hoisted, its "peak" well "swayed up," and we were off like a kite for the "bubbly" waters of the great Atlantic. Down past "Pond Island," and the "Sugar Loaves," our vessel flew like a bird, and leaving "Seguin" on our "port quarter," we were fairly on our way to the city of Boston, where we finally arrived, after a voyage almost as lengthy as that of St. Paul's from Cesarea to Melita; albeit, not environed with so many perils. Of all that transpired between "Seguin" and "Boston Light," I have only the faintest recollection, as, in obedience to a time-honored custom, I was almost wholly absorbed in paying my devotions to the god Neptune; he who, of all the heathen deities, is the most exacting of obedience from those who, for the first time have the temerity to venture upon his domain. Sailing up the harbor under the influence of a light wind from the southeast, further assisted by a flood tide, we came speedily to our moorings alongside T wharf, after an eventful passage of eleven days from Augusta, made decidedly pleasant by the polite attention of our urbane and skillful commander, William H. Heath.

Here let us rest until another week, when, with the blessing of Heaven, having regained the use of our "land legs," we will resume our journey. D. C.

Items of Maine News.

The Aroostook Valley Sunrise has been sold to Charles E. Marshall.

There was a two and one-half foot snow bank in Corinth Monday, week.

Bridgton has a cat who makes an honest living by catching partridges.

Biddeford is excited over some petrified wood which has been found eight feet below the surface on Pool street.

Oliver Crummett of Skowhegan, while engaged in painting a building, fell from a ladder 25 feet to the ground, badly breaking his leg.

Mrs. Sarah Holmes of Bucksport, died Sunday afternoon while sitting in her chair, from neuralgia of

The Markets.

Brighton Cattle Market.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 25.

Arrivals of stock at market—Cattle 3106; Sheep and Lambs 10,083; Swine 10,100; Western Cattle 2622; Eastern Cattle 24; Milch Cows and Northern Cattle 260.

Price of Beef Cattle per 100 lbs, live weight—Extra quality $ 57@5 00; first quality $ 25@5 12½; second quality $4 62½@5 00; third quality $4 25@4 50; poorest grade of coarse Oxen, Bulls, &c., $3 25@3 75.

Brighton Hides 6½@7c per lb; Brigton Tallow 6c ₱ lb. Country Hides 5½@6c per lb; Country Tallow 5c per lb.

Calf Skins 10@12c per lb; Sheared Sheep skins 75c Lamb Skins 75c; wool Skins $ 1@1 75 each.

There has not been so large a supply of Cattle in market this week as there was one week ago. The quality, upon an average, was not much different. The trade opened dull and prices have declined fully ½c per lb from those of our last quotations. There has been but a few lots of Beeves sold for more than 5½ cts per lb. There were but a few Eastern Cattle in market, the call for store Cattle and Working Oxen being light.

Working Oxen—Not much call for Workers and but a few pairs in market for sale. There were but a light supply of Working Oxen brought in from Maine this season. We quote sales:

One pair girth 7 feet 6 in, live weight 3700 lbs, $170;
1 pair girth 6 feet 6 inches, live weight 3650 lbs, $135;
1 pair girth 6 feet 6 inches, live weight 3700 lbs, $120;
1 pair girth 6 feet 4 inches, live weight 2400 lbs, $110;
1 pair girth 6 feet 6 inches, live weight 2550 lbs, $115;
1 pair girth 7 feet, $140.

Store Cattle—Yearlings, $11 to 16: two year olds, $16 to $25; three year olds, $25 to $45 per head. Prices upon small Cattle depend upon their value for Beef. But few stores are offered in market for sale.

Milch Cows—Extra $55@65; ordinary $35@50 per head. Most of the Cows that are offered in market for sale are of a common grade. Prices do not vary much from week to week.

Sheep and Lambs—The supply from the West for the week has been light, all owned by butchers. There was a fair supply of Northern Sheep and Lambs in market, for which the trade was a little dull. Prices ranging from 3 to 5c per lb.

Swine—No Store Pigs at market. Fat Hogs, 10,100 at market; prices 7@8c per lb.

Boston Market.

BOSTON, Oct. 25.

FLOUR AND GRAIN—The market is quiet for Flour prices are steady and firm and remain unchanged. Sales:—

Western Superfine at $4 25@4 75; common extras at $5 25@5 75; Milwaukie and Minnesota extras at $6 50@7 25; white wheat Ohio, Indiana and Michigan at $6 00@7 00; Illinois at $6 25@8 00; St. Louis at $6 50@8 50 ₱ bbl. Southern Flour is quiet at $6 50@8 00 ₱ bbl for medium and choice family; and fancy Minnesota at $7 25@9 25 ₱ bbl. Corn is firm at 66@66c ₱ bush. for mixed and yellow. Oats are dull at 48@51c for mixed; 50@52c for No 2 white; 49@47c for mixed and No 2 white, and 34@39c for rejected. Rye 75@80 ₱ bush. Shorts, —@14 50; Fine Feed $15 50@16 00; Middlings at $18@22 ₱ ton.

PROVISIONS—Pork is dull; sales at $16 50@16 25 for prime; $17 75@18 00 for mess $20 00@21 50 ₱ bbl for clear. Beef ranges from $10 50@12 00 mess and extra mess, and at $12 50@13 50 ₱ bbl. for family. Lard is @12½c ₱ lb. for city and Western. Smoked Hams 13@14c ₱ lb. Butter sells at 18@35c ₱ lb. and Cheese from 9@13c ₱ lb. as to quality. Cut Meats are selling at 8c@9c ₱ lb. as to quality.

PROVIDENCE—White Beans continue in demand with sales at $1 50@1 60 for good and choice medium; $1 75@2 25 for Pea; and 1 90@2 for Yellow Eyes.—Red Kidneys are quiet at 1 90@1 95. Potatoes have been in demand and prices are higher, sales of Early Rose at 75@80c; Jackson Whites at 65@70c; Sweet potatoes have been selling at 2@2 25. Onions range from 1 75@2 25 per bbl. Eggs are in steady demand and fresh lots command full prices. Sales of Eastern at 25c; Northern at 24; Western at 23c per dozen. Apples are plenty and dull and have been selling at 1@1 50 per bbl. and 1 75@2 for fancy lots.—Cranberries range from $7@9 per bbl. The supply of Poultry is increasing and sales range from 14@22 per lb as to quality.

HAY AND STRAW.—There has been a fair demand for hay, and the sales range from $19@20 for coarse and $16@18 per ton for fine and medium grades. In Rye Straw the sales have been in small lots at 23 per ton.

Wool Market.

BOSTON, Oct. 25.

The demand for Wool has again been quite active, and prices are gradually advancing. Stocks are quite moderate for this season of the year, and there is now a very confident feeling that prices will rule comparatively high for the balance of the season, particularly for fine fleeces. The sales comprise 250,000 lbs delaine and unwashed at 45@46c, and the most desirable XX fleeces are now held at 47@50; 250,000 Ohio and Michigan at 38@40, and the market is firm at these prices; 200,000 Western and other fleece at 32@38c; 500,000 fall California at 17@35c; 200,000 spring California at 20@29c; 200,000 lbs unwashed and unmerchantable fleeces at 25@35c; 150,000 Eastern Oregon at 26@29c; 225,000 lbs combing and delaine fleeces at 42@55c, the latter price for choice medium combing; 70,000 lbs scoured at 44@75c; 12,000 lbs tub washed at 42@45c; 125,000 super and X pulled at 42@44c. There has also been a large movement in the interior on Boston account, comprising 1,100,000 lbs Michigan, Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces at about 40@44c.

New York Market.

NEW YORK, Oct. 25.

COTTON—Sales 0000 bales—middling uplands @10¢

FLOUR—Sales 19,600 bbls. State $4 60@5 00; Round Hoop Ohio, $4 80@6 00; Western $4 20@4 80; Southern $5 30@8 75

WHEAT—Sales 28,000 bu. Spring 1 12@1 22, No 2 Mil. 1 26@1 28; No. 1, Chi., $1 29@—; No. 2, $1 30@1 30; Winter Red, $1 35@1 50; Amber, $1 30@1 25; No. 1 Iowa, $1 36@1 39; White Michigan, $1 28@1 28; Winter Western, 1 32@1 35.

CORN—Sales 285,000 bushels. Western 53@57½.

OATS—Sales 54,000 bushels—Western 31@48.

PORK—Sales 600 bbls. New Mess, $17 00@17 12½.

LARD—Steam, 10 00@9 98c; Kettle, 1 40c.

SUGAR—Refining, 8@8½; Porto Rico, 10@—; Cuba —@7; Havana White, 9½@9¾.

Gold and Stock Market.

NEW YORK, Oct. 25.

Money was easy at 3@5 per cent on call.

Gold opened at 109¾ and closed at 109¾.

United States Sixes (coupons), 1881,		118—
" " 5-20's, 1865,,		113—
" " " 1865, (new)		112¾
" " " 1867,		115¾
" " " 1868,		116¾
" New 5's,		114¾
" 10.40's (coupons),		115¾
" Currency 6's,		124¾

Augusta City Market.

THURSDAY, Oct. 26

APPLES—Cooking are worth from 50c@$1 per bu.; for No. 1 Baldwins and other winter sorts are brought to our market from the West by the car-load at $2 50 per bbl.

BUTTER—There is a little better demand than last week, though not sufficient to cause any difference in quotation, 28@30c for choice.

BEANS—Yellow Eyes 1 75; hand-picked Pea 1 75@1 80.

CHEESE—Sales of New Factory have been made in this market at 10@12½c.

FLOUR—Superfine to common extra $6 50@7 50; Good brands at $7 50@8 00; choice Western $8 50; St Louis favorite brands $9 00@11 00.

GRAIN—corn 70@75c; oats 42@45c.

HAY—Just now nominal at $12 per ton.

HONEY—Choice box honey 30@35c. per ₱.

HIDES AND SKINS—Hides 5@5½c; Calf Skins 10@11; lamb skins 75@85c deacons 15@20c; sheep skins 75c.

LIME AND CEMENT—$1 00 per cask for lime, $2 80 for Cement.

NATIVE CRANBERRIES—$2 25@2 50 per bush.

MEAL—corn 75c; rye $1 25.

PRODUCE—Potatoes 50c; Eggs @25; lard 16@17c.

SHORTS—$1 25 per 100 lbs.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork, $12@14, ₱ 100 ₱.; beef ₱ side 8@10c; round hog 00@8c; ham 17@00c; spring lamb 8@10c; Spring chickens 12@15c; fowls, 10@12c.

WOOD—Mill wood, delivered, $3 50 ₱ cord.

WOOL—For medium to fine 33@30 is being paid for washed, and 23@25 for unwashed.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 25.

APPLES—are selling at $1 50@2 50 ₱ bbl. Dried 7@12

BUTTER.—Selling at 25@30c for family. Store, from 25@28c ₱ ₱.

BEANS—We quote hand-picked pea beans at $2 00@1 75; yellow eyes, $1 75@1 88.

CHEESE—Factory is selling at 13½@13c ₱ ₱; Maine and Vermont Dairy, 12@10.

FISH—We quote large shore $4 50@4 75; large bank $5 25@5 50; small $4 50@4 25; pollock $3 25@3 50; haddock $2 00@2 50 ₱ qtl; herring $3 50@4 50 ₱ bbl; scaled, ₱box, 25@20c; mackerel ₱ bbl—Bay No. 3 to No. 1, none; Shore Nos. 1 and 2, $16 00@16 50.

FLOUR—We quote Superfine, $4 25@4 75; Spring X and XX, $5 00@6 75; Michigan Winter X and XX, $6 00@7 25; Patent Spring Wheat, $8 25@9 25; St. Louis X and XX, $5 75@9 00.

GRAIN—We quote mixed Corn at @63 and yellow 63@—. Oats are worth 48@45c, fine feed at $30 ₱ ton and shorts at $25@26 ₱ ton.

HAY—Loose, $15 00@17 00 ₱ ton for prime. Pressed selling at $15 00@19 00. Straw $10@9 ₱ ton for prime.

LARD—₱ Tierce, 11¼@11½ ₱; per keg 11¼@11½; pail 13@14c. cod fish 14@14½.

PLASTER—White, ₱ ton, $3 00; blue $2 75; ground in bbls $8 00@9 00; calcined in bbls $2 75@3 00.

PRODUCE—We quote beef side at 9@12c; veal 8@10; mutton 12@13c; lambs 15@15c; turkeys 18@20c; eggs 20@22c; potatoes 50@60c ₱ bush; onions $2 50@2 75 ₱ bbl. Round Hogs 8@9.

PROVISIONS—We quote as follows: Mess beef, Chicago, $10@10 50; do Boston, $13c14; extra plate $14 25@15 00 pork backs, $22 00@23 00; clear, $21 50@22 00; mess $ 18 50@19 50. Hams 14@14c.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 25.

BEANS—Yellow eyes $1 25@1 50 ₱ bush; Pea Beans $2 00@1 75.

BUTTER—Is worth from 20@28c ₱ ₱,

EGGS—Selling at 25@24c ₱ dozen.

HAY—Best qualities loose sell at $10 00@14 00 ₱ ton Pressed $15@12.00

GRAIN—Oats are now worth 38@40c ₱ bush; corn 65@70 ₱ bush.

POTATOES— 50@65.

PROVISIONS—Good fresh beef, by the side worth 6 @10c ₱ ₱; round hogs 7@8c; lamb 8@10c; chickens, 12@18c.

HIDES AND SKINS—lamb skins 50@75c each.

Hides 4@4c ₱ ₱. veal skin 9@10c per lb.

WOOL—Fleece Wool sells at 30@35 cents.

☞A Washington special says the presentation of an address from Ireland to President Grant through O'Connor, Power, and Parnell, members of Parliament, to whom had been assigned the duty of handing it over, has been deferred. Messrs. Power and Parnell have been informed that according to etiquette the resolutions will have to come through the British Minister and then through the State department to the President. A great obstacle has been found to the success of the step in the wording of the resolutions.

One part cites that having suffered throughout seven centuries of tyranny, the Irish people make their greetings to the United States and its president, etc. It is contended this cannot be presented without an act of disrespect on the part of President Grant to her majesty's representative. The resolutions are a magnificent evidence of art and taste, appearing like a plate of purest alabaster, inlaid with mosaic. They are left in one of the rooms at the White House.

☞Castoria is a perfect substitute for Castor Oil, without any of its objections, for it is pleasant to take, and does not nauseate or gripe. For Costiveness at any age, but especially for Sour Stomach, Wind Colic, Worms and the Disordered bowels of children, it is the most effective remedy in existence. It is harmless, it is reliable, and it is cheap.

There need be no pain where Centaur Liniment is used. Burns and Scalds are healed without a scar. Rhumatism, Sprains, and most flesh, bone and muscle ailments can be absolutely cured. There are two kinds. The White Centaur Liniment is for family use, the Yellow for horses and animals. One trial will convince the incredulous.

Editor's Table.

Bailey & Noyes, Portland, have sent us Shakespeare's tragedy of King Richard, the Second, from the press of Harper & Brothers. It is one of their series of Shakespeare's tragedies with notes by William J. Rolfe. It is printed in large type and on white paper. The notes are valuable.

The Laurel Bush, An Old-fashioned Love Story, by the author of John Halifax, Gentleman, &c. The above volume has been received from Harper & Brothers, through Bailey & Noyes. It is one of the uniform series of Miss Mulock's works, is bound in dark green, and printed in large type, on nice paper. We have also received the same in pamphlet form, being No. 470 of Harper's Library of Select Novels.

The Official Catalogue of the Centennial Exposition is now complete, and ready for sale and delivery, handsomely bound in cloth, at the price of $2 per volume. The work of getting up this good-sized volume in such a manner that it should be an entirely accurate and valuable work, was no light one. It is intended for a book of reference for public and private libraries in the future, as well as an interesting souvenir of the Exhibition, and a single glance will prove how thoroughly it accomplishes its purpose.

The volume, containing all departments of the Exposition, is made up of over 1250 pages. But it is not a barren list of articles on exhibition. It contains, besides the complete list of exhibits, careful indexes of exhibitors; illustrations of the principal buildings, with ground plans and dimensions; a vast amount of information concerning the personnel of the Centennial Commission, and much else that is necessary to a complete record of the Exposition; and finally, a most valuable feature, a brief description of the geography, natural features, industries, and educational development of every country that contributes to the Exposition. This information is furnished under the supervision of the official representatives of the several nations, and embraces the freshest as well as the most authentic information on the subject to be had from any source.

The work is so handsomely gotten up, both in material, typographical execution and binding, that in connection with its contents as above noted, it is a very elegant, as well as efficient, souvenir of the Exposition. And it is the only official record of the kind that can be published. Address, Centennial Catalogue Co., Philadelphia, Penn.

We have received from Harper & Brothers through Bailey & Noyes, Portland, another volume of their Household edition of the works of Charles Dickens. This volume contains The Uncommercial Traveller, Hard Times, and The Mystery of Edwin Drood. It is neatly bound in green and gold, and beautifully illustrated. Also a volume of their uniform edition of the works of Wilkie Collins, entitled "The Two Destinies," and another of the same in a pamphlet form.

Daniel Deronda, by George Elliot, has been issued from the press of Harper & Brothers in pamphlet form, price $1,50. This popular edition will have a large sale. Bailey & Noyes, Portland, can furnish it.

"Mediæval and Modern Saints and Miracles," is a volume just issued from the press of Harper & Brothers, and for sale by Bailey & Noyes, Portland. It is a neat volume of over three hundred pages, and will be found very entertaining to those interested in the subjects of which it treats. The appendix contains some important documents—among others, the papal bulls defining the dogmas of the Immaculate Conception, and of the personal infallibility of the Pope.

The History and Conquests of the Saracens. A volume with this title from the press of Macmillian & Co., London, embraces six lectures delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, by Edward A. Freeman, LL. D. These lectures were printed twenty years ago, and have been for sometime out of print. There has been a general demand for this reprint since the eastern troubles have invested it with new interest.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, have just issued Mrs. Catherine A. Warfield's great novel, entitled Lady Ernestine; or the Absent Lord of Rocheforte. It is bound in blue morocco cloth, full gilt back, and sent by mail on receipt of $1,75. This is a story of absorbing interest.

Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, have sent us the following pieces of new music: She's a Rosy, She's a Posy; Twelve Easy Pieces for the Violin; Revival March; Drifting Apart; Dancing Feet.

☞Quimbo Appo, the Chinaman, who killed his wife and two men fifteen years ago, stabbed and instantly killed John A. Kelly in Howe's lodging house 192 Chatham St., N. Y., Tuesday morning. While the Chinaman was playing checkers with a friend, Kelly rudely accosted him, and the Chinaman, who was intoxicated, struck Kelly and ran down to the second story. He was followed and struck by Kelly, and in the fight that ensued, the Chinaman drew a knife and stabbed Kelly through the heart. Kelly, who was a tall powerful man, is described as a bully.

Quimbo Appo in Franklin street station told Capt. Lowry that he had been playing checkers for three days and nights, and had beaten all his adversaries. He had beaten several of Kelly's friends and they were jealous of him. Last night after he had paid his twenty-five cents for his bed, he began another game, when Kelly, saying, "Now you damned Chinaman, you can't play this any longer," upset the board. Quimbo resented the insult and Kelly struck him. Then followed the stabbing. The scene in the lodging house is described by the police as beggering description. Lodgers gathered and threatened to lynch Quimbo. Seeing the police, Appo threw away his knife and fought them with his fists. He was followed to the station by a large crowd, hooting and hissing.

☞With the exception of Pennsylvania day, the attendance at the Centennial Thursday, outrivalled that of any day in the history of the Exhibition, the full fee admission up to one o'clock being 144,171.

The special attractions were official celebrations of the States on the southern border of Pennsylvania, with informal demonstrations by West Virginia and Old Virginia, in commemoration of the closing scene of the Revolution at Yorktown, of which the day was the 95th anniversary. Tens of thousands of people of these States visited the Exhibition.

At half-past 11 o'clock the celebration at the Delaware State building was inaugurated by Governor Cochrane, who was attended by United Senator Bavard, Chief Justice Comeggs, many State officials and the principal authorities of Wilmington. Addresses were made by the Governor and Mayor Whitely of Wilmington, and a public reception followed. Gov. Carroll of Maryland, and staff with the 5th and 6th regiments of Maryland, Brig. Gen. Herbert commanding, arrived at the Maryland building at half-past twelve, and at one o'clock formal exercises began with a welcome by Centennial authorities, and an address by the Governor. The West Virginia building was also visited by a number of representatives of that State. The day closed with imposing ceremonies in the Judges' Hall.

☞In February, 1877, the Pope will celebrate the octocentenary of the punishment inflicted upon the German Emperor Henry IV. In the winter of 1077 the Emperor stood for three days before the castle at Canossa in an almost naked state, beseeching Pope Hildebrand to have compassion on him. Finally his supplications were heard, and a solemn promise was exacted from Henry to appear at the Congress, abide by its decision and meanwhile not to consider himself Emperor or to act as such. It is this humiliating submission, which led to the depositon of Henry and to so much bloodshed, that the Vatican proposes to celebrate in February next.

PERILS OF THE WHALE FISHERY. Intelligence has been received from the Arctic seas of a serious misfortune to the whaling fleet, which necessitated the abandonment of twelve vessels September 5. About 200 men escaped in the only two vessels which were saved, and these have arrived at San Francisco. Six of the lost vessels belonged in New Bedford, and the loss to the owners is stated at $500,000. The fleet got to work in Behrings' Sea about the first of June, but during the entire season they were greatly annoyed by floating ice. About the middle of August the fleet with the exception of two ships was caught in the ice off Point Barrow, where they yet remain. After remaining by the ship for several days, the several masters held a council on board the Java, and concluded there was no further hope of saving the ships, some of which were badly crippled by ice. The ships altogether had about three months' provisions, not enough to last through a winter. After a full discussion, seeing no way out of the difficulty, they decided that the only way to save the lives of all was to reach land before escape became impossible.

The following account given by the survivors will convey some idea of their sufferings and hardships:

September 5th was chosen for the day of starting. The ships were twenty or thirty miles from land abreast West Head, Smith's Bay. September 5th, all being ready on board the C. Howland, St. George, Marengo, Desmond, Joseph Allen, Acors Barnes, and the Onward, the signal for departure was given. The boats had been put in the best possible condition. The baggage consisted of about twenty-five days' rations, bread and meat, change of clothing and a blanket for each man. Everything else but guns and ammunition was left on board. The main hope was to find open water enough inside the ground ice to navigate boats southward and so reach two ships which we supposed to be outside the pack.

Left at three o'clock P. M., half a mile or so ahead, turned and dragged the boats along the ice, which is very rough in some places, and there were many holes which would not bear the weight of the men. Many of the men fell through and suffered much from the cold. The first night we camped on the ice, about four miles from the ships. The next morning we resumed the march in a blinding snow storm from the north-east. The prospect was most discouraging. Several men deserted and returned towards the ships, where numbers of the crew remained, who refused to face the hardships of the journey toward land. Of their fate we know nothing. September 6th we reached a strip of open water. We launched the boats and pulled toward land, and all that day and the next we kept working through and over the ice, and at 8 P. M. we made land two miles west of Point Sergeant. We continued working along shore, and at noon on the 9th, we sighted the Three Brothers and the Rainbow at Point Barrow. We reached them before night and found the ice all solid beyond.

The only chance of escape was to drag the boats overland to the open sea—a distance, as afterwards proved, of 130 miles. We made sleds and attempted the journey, but on reaching Cape South we found the bark Florence there. After a consultation, it was decided that any effort to proceed would be madness, and preparations were commenced for wintering as best they could at Point Barrow. Boats were prepared for whaling, as that was our only source for food and work. On the night of the 13th the ice began to break up before a strong east wind. The next day the steamers were able to get under way. All hands and the baggage were put on board, and we ran down the coast and joined the Clara Bell, frozen fast in the ice. Her captain said he would stay by her till the 15th, when, if there was no prospect of getting out, he would leave in boats for clear water, where the Florence was to wait for him. He made Sea Horse Island that night. The next night he made Wainwright's Inlet, and we waited there for the crew of the Bell, and to get water. On the afternoon of the 18th the Three Brothers and the Rainbow, which had escaped from Point Barrow, joined us, the former bringing the crew of the Clara Bell, which remained fast in the ice with no prospect of getting out.

THE INDIANS. The following embraces the latest intelligence from the Indian country:

A Bismarck special says the Indians are still lurking in their old haunts. Sitting Bull is known to be within a few days' march of Fort Peck. His men attacked a corral near Glendive a few days ago and killed sixty Government animals. No persons were injured. Gen. Hazen has already joined Gen. Miles with three companies of infantry preparatory to a combined movement which is evidently to be made against the savages from several points.

The Hills route is patrolled by ten or twelve soldiers, whose presence in such small numbers only attracts the redskins. The road to Red Cloud is infested with savages, and predatory bands of Sioux and Cheyennes have been moving southward several days, to the terror of ranchmen and stockraisers.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs has received a letter from Indian Agent Mitchell, dated Fort Peck, Montana, Sept. 25th, conveying the surprising intelligence that Sitting Bull coolly asks permission for his warriors to come into that agency to trade for ammunition. Agent Mitchell writes as follows:

"Little Buck Elk, an Uncapapa and chief of a soldiers' band, arrived here on the evening of the 23d six nights out from Sitting Bull's camp, bearing a message from him to myself. Sitting Bull sent him to ascertain whether I would allow hostile Indians to come in and trade for ammunition. I dispatched a messenger to his camp informing him that they should get no ammunition here or on this reservation, but if they desired to come in and surrender their arms and all government property in their possession, I would provide for them and treat them kindly until I could receive instructions. I will receive a reply from Sitting Bull within ten days or two weeks."

Little Buck in reply to the question, "Where do you get your ammunition," said "Soldiers brought it to us," meaning that it was taken from dead soldiers, and the traders from the burning grounds furnish some. The burning grounds embrace the country from South of the Black Hills to the Platte river. Agent Mitchell writes in conclusion, "It is my judgment that if this trade be prohibited, all hostile Indians would be driven into agencies before the close of winter to avoid starvation."

A dispatch from Washington, says the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, on Saturday, received the following telegram from Fort Peck, Montana:

"Messengers from Sitting Bull's camp report that the entire hostile camp crossed the Yellowstone, at the mouth of the Big Horn, en route for this place. They claim to want peace. What course shall I pursue toward them?"

(Signed) THOMAS T. MITCHELL,
Indian Agent.

After consultation with Gen. Sherman, instructions were telegraphed to agent Mitchell as follows:

"Inform Sitting Bull that the only condition of peace is his surrender, when he will be treated as a prisoner of war. Issue no rations except after such surrender, and when fully satisfied that the Indians can be held at the agency. Make every preparation to defend the agency stores and property. The military will co-operate as far as possible.

(Signed) S. A. GALPIN,
Acting Commissioner.

DEATH OF FRANCIS P. BLAIR. The telegraph announces that Francis P. Blair, the venerable journalist and politican, died on Wednesday at his residence in Silver Springs, Md., in his 86th year. Mr. Blair was born at Abington, Va., April 12, 1791. He early took part in politics, supporting Clay for President in 1824, although opposing his views in relation to the U. S. Bank. In 1829 an article published by Mr. Blair on the nullification movement attracted the notice of General Jackson, through whose influence Blair became editor of the *Globe*, a Democratic paper started in Washington. It became the organ of successive administrations, Mr. Blair retaining control until 1845, when President Polk desired a change and offered Blair the Ministry to Spain, which he declined. He retired from journalism, however, to his estate at Silver Springs, Montgomery County, Maryland. In 1848 he withdrew from the regular Democratic party and supported Van Buren. After the repeal of the Missouri Compromise he took an active part in the organization of the Republican party. He was the father of Montgomery and Frank P. Blair, Jr., the latter of whom ran for Vice President on the Seymour ticket in 1868.

INHALING the hot vapors of Solution of "Forest Tar" for Bronchitis and Consumption, allays the cough, aids expectoration, restores the appetite and promotes sleep.

☞"Forest Tar Soap" cleanses the scalp, and promotes the growth of the hair.

Foreign News.

Great Britain.

London, Oct. 20. Three new summonses have been issued against Dr. Slade, the American spiritual medium, and against his assistant, for fraudulent pretences. These summons are made returnable tomorrow, when the original case will also be up again.

London, Oct. 23.—The council previously announced was held by the Queen at Balmoral to-day. Parliament was further prorogued from Oct. 30th to Dec. 12th.

Spain.

London, Oct. 19. The missionary societies connected with Spain have sent an address to Lord Derby, representing to him the danger to which the Protestants in Spain were exposed in consequence of the intolerance of the clergy and authorities, and suggesting that he should invite the co-operation of the other Powers, especially Germany and the United States, to protest against the continued persecution of the Protestants, and to afford them protection. In reply, Lord Derby says: Our Minister at Madrid is taking such steps as he properly can to induce the Spanish Government to put a lenient construction on the eleventh article of the Constitution, so as to secure full religious liberty to the Protestants in Spain.

A special dispatch from Rome to the Daily News says: "Cardinal Antonelli's secretary has apologized to the Spanish Embassador for the discourtesy shown him by the committee which superintended the reception of the Spanish pilgrims by the Pope on Monday last in refusing to admit him and his attaches; but the Embassador, having telegraphed an account of the affair to Madrid, has received instructions to demand an explanation from the Holy See."

Germany.

London, Oct. 20. A special from Berlin to the Pall Mall Gazette says: "A majority of the Chamber of Commerce have reported in favor of Germany's attending the French Exposition, and recommend that the Government grant subvention for that purpose.

Switzerland.

Berne, Oct. 23. Intelligence has been received here of a fight between the liberals and ultra montanes at Stabio Canton of Tassin in consequence of dissensions over the appointments of representation in the Grand Council of the Cantons. Two liberals were killed and four wounded.

Cuba

Havana, Oct. 18. Very heavy squalls and rains have been in progress here since yesterday, and the wind is increasing. The barometer is falling rapidly, and it is probable that a hurricane will visit this section to-night. The vessels in the harbor are taking precautions.

Egypt.

London, Oct. 19. The Post says it hears from a trustworthy source that the Egyptians lost 2,700 men in the Abyssinian campaigns.

The Eastern War.

London, Oct. 20. The British Cabinet yesterday decided upon a policy of abstention for the present, at least, and in this policy they have the support of press and people. This removes from the consideration of the chances of peace of Europe one element, which in the Wednesday's panic was certainly reckoned upon to disturb it, in case Russia crossed the Danube.

Belgrade, Oct. 20. Serious fighting occurred near Saitschar Tuesday and Wednesday. The Turks are trying to force the way to Paratchin, whence their march to Belgrade would only be interrupted by weak fortifications at Bhapria. Considerable anxiety prevails here as to the issue, especially as this movement seems to be made in concert with operations on the Drina.

Vienna, Oct. 20. The Turks at Saitschar have repulsed the Servians and driven them to the plateau of Kopita, and it is said they now intend marching on Paratchen.

A despatch from Bucharast says Roumania has resolved upon declaring her independence. The government relinquishes all claim upon European protection, replacing it with an alliance with Russia. A proclamation is about to be issued proclaiming Prince Charles King of Roumania. The army will be mobilized and paper currency issued.

New York, Oct. 24. A Paris despatch of last night says the despatch from Bucharest announcing that the Roumanian Government has decided to assert its independence, relying upon the assistance of Russia, causes an uneasy feeling here, and it is feared will tend to complicate Eastern difficulties.

A Vienna special says the announcement that an independent government is about to be proclaimed in Roumania, creates considerable excitement here, and is believed to have been instigated by Russia to prevent the settlement of Turkish troubles.

Vienna, Oct. 24. Not only from Constantinople, but from all provinces of European Turkey, is there news of growing excitement among Mohammedans, of conventicles held in mosques and armaments. The ministry is divided against itself, and the Sultan is too inexperienced to take the leadership of affairs.

This position is most favorable for Russia's diplomatic action. General Ignatieff, the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, may carry everything before him, or if he fails may induce such an outbreak of Mohammedan feeling as might justify almost any steps on the part of Russia.

Mexico

New York, Oct. 24. City of Mexico dates of the 11th inst. say that revolutionary bands continue robberies in Oaxaca, where they are strongest, but they are hemmed in there. The Government will probably suppress them soon.

AN INDIAN'S LAST SHOT.—The Black Hills Pioneer tells of an adventure which befel four white men while hunting near headwood on the 21st of August. They discovered an Indian leading his pony and evidently trying to surprise them. One of the party immediately discharged both barrels of his gun, loaded with buckshot, and brought down Indian and pony. The four then retreated, obtained reinforcements, and returned to fight the Indian force which they felt sure must have been supporting the fallen savage.

A party started out to scout the country, and on reaching the spot where the deer lay, the men saw the body of the Indian by the side of his pony, and, thinking him dead, they rushed forward. This action was fatal to one of the party, for a shot from the Indian's rifle struck him in the heart. A volley from the others killed the Indian instantly, however, and his body was quickly surrounded by the white men. The Indian had been almost riddled with buckshot, one shoulder and both legs having been broken, yet he had managed to bandage his legs and to take unerring aim with his wounded arm. Knowing that his life would be taken without doubt, he had prepared to sell it as dearly as possible, and, lying on his back, he rested his rifle on his wounded legs and shot dead the foremost of his assailants. In his mouth was another cartridge ready to reload. His rifle was the best and latest breech-loading arm issued to the army in 1875, and it was probable that he had obtained it in the Custer or Reno fight.

ANOTHER LEARNED OUTLAW.—A queer old counterfeiter has recently been arrested in Brooklyn. He gave his name as Alfred Maryatt, but had been known as Prof. Morton. He is a withered old man, with yellow skin and long grey hair and beard, and lived up in an attic room, 8x10, scantily furnished, and filthy. The door of the den was never left unlocked. The detectives found fifteen plaster Paris moulds used for running five, ten, and twenty-five-cent counterfeit pieces, and lead, pewter, and nickel. About $15 in twenty-five-cent counterfeit pieces was on the floor. In the old man's trunk were $200 done up in single papers, several pairs of hose and corsets, pins, needles, and buttons that he had bought to get good money in change for his poor. The coin was an excellent imitation, but was deficient in weight. He is one of the learned scamps, being known to be able to speak and write five or six languages. He was never without a dog. When his first dog died he buried it in Greenwood and visited its grave once a week, until he secured another, which lived with him until his arrest.

☞Adelina Patti is in a dilemma. She signed a contract last year for an engagement for forty nights at St. Petersburg this winter, for which she is to receive 300,000 francs and two benefits. Subscriptions were opened, and boxes and seats have been sold to the amount of 2,000,000 francs. Of late, Mme. Patti's health has been failing, and her physicians say she must not risk the climate of St. Petersburg, but stay in a mild region. She is not at liberty to form new engagements until the St. Petersburg difficulty is settled, and she has sent an agent to the Russian capital to negotiate a settlement somehow.

☞The inquiry into the assassination of General Prim, which began in Madrid, December 27, 1870, has just come to an end. Eighteen judges have been killed under it, and the documents amount to 12,000 folio pages. One hundred and twenty persons have been implicated, of whom forty have been dismissed exculpated, fifty-four have never been arrested, six have died during the inquiry, and twenty are still in prison. But nothing like a piece of positive proof against anybody has been found.

WAR OF THE RACES. From an official report from Captain Lloyd commanding a detachment of United States troops sent to Silverton, S. C., it would seem that a military force was sent to that State none too quickly. He found an organized company of whites under command of A. P. Butler, known as "Butler's Cavalry," numbering nearly five hundred. The report says:

"On arriving at Rouse's bridge we found a body of about 100 negroes, some of them armed with old patterned muskets and shot guns. They were much excited and seemed to possess no organization.

A short time after a body of some 320 white men, all mounted and well armed and under command of one A. P. Butler, were seen coming up the road. Lieut. Hunton and myself went down the road to meet them, and on approaching the party found that they had thrown out a skirmish line in the woods, almost surrounding the negroes, while the main body marched up to the road. As soon as we were recognized as United States officers, we heard the command given the skirmishers to halt, by a man who rode into the woods, evidently to give the skirmish line information of our presence. This was undoubted evidence of a well digested plan of attack, which if carried out would have resulted in the slaughter of nearly all the negroes in that place.

This man Butler, has a regularly organized body of men known throughout the country as "Butler's cavalry"—a well drilled and organized company. Besides this force, there were other men from this vicinity, and some from Augusta, Ga., all under the command of Butler. From what I can learn, the party which I intercepted at Rouse's bridge was the largest that had got together, and included almost all those who had been raiding through the country for two or three days previous."

The report still further says:

"I estimate the total number of white men engaged in the riot at not less than 800, coming from Edgefield, Aiken and Barnwell, S. C.

The negroes at and about Ellenton were completely cowed. Many of them came in from their hiding places in the woods while we were there. They were afraid to go to work, saying they were afraid of being shot down in the cotton fields."

OHIO ELECTION. The full official returns of the late election received by the Secretary of State and furnished by him are as follows: Secretary of State, Barnes, Rep., 318,187; Bell, Dem., 311,220; Chapman, Prohibition 1863; Barnes's majority, 6956. Supreme Judge, Boynton, Rep., 318,750; Finck, Dem., 309,133; Gage, Prohibition, 2665; Boynton's majority, 9617. Member of Board of Public Works, Evans, Rep., 318,241; Clough, Dem., 310,348; Schumacher, Prohibition, 2104; Evans' majority, 7,893.

☞The aggregate vote in Indiana on the State ticket is 433,303, of which Williams received 213,098, Harrison 207,979, Harrington (Independent) 12,226. Williams' majority over Harrison is 5119. The largest Independent vote was cast for Newton, candidate for treasurer of the State—15,195. The Legislature stands as follows: House, republicans 53, democrats 45, Independents 3; Senate, republicans, 23, democrats 25, independents 2.

☞Kidney Diseases, Dropsy, and all Diseases of the Urinary Organs can be cured by the use of HUNT'S REMEDY. Hundreds who have been given up by their physicians to die have been cured by HUNT'S REMEDY. Try HUNT'S REMEDY.

To Shake, or not to Shake!

Aye, that is the question. Is it better to quiver from head to foot in the paroxysms of fever and ague, or to banish the atrocious disease by a coarse of that standard antifebrile remedy, Hostetter's Bitters? There cannot be much doubt as to the response of the malaria-stricken to this inquiry. From every location on this continent whose inhabitants are tormented with the shivering plague comes an increasing demand for the only genuine preventive and eradicant of malaria provided by science. The demand of fever and ague districts will know how utterly inadequate to do more than give a brief respite are the so-called remedies of the faculty. Quinine, arsenic, bismuth—what are these but poisonous palliatives, which cease after a time to produce any beneficial effect whatever, and if persisted in wreak irreparable mischief up in the system? Everybody recognizes the principle being abandoned by intelligent persons, and that genuine vegetable specific for intermittent and remittent disease. Hostetter's Bitters, substituted in their place. 4145

From the Station Agent at So. Royalston, Mass.

Gentlemen—Although unsolicited by you, I cannot refrain from adding my testimony to the many already given in favor of your WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

In the spring of 1858 I was most severely afflicted with a hard, dry cough, with its usual accompaniment of night sweats, completely prostrating my nervous system, and producing such a debilitated state of health that, after trying medical aid to no purpose, I had given up all hopes of ever recovering, as had also my friends. At this stage of matters I was prevailed upon, through the influence of a neighbor, to try WISTAR'S BALSAM, though with no belief whatever in its truly wonderful curative properties, and before using two bottles the effect was almost magical. My cough entirely left me, the night sweats deserted me, hope once more el

The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

Poetry.

The Sad Story of Blobbs and his Pullet.

In a tiny country villa lived our Blobbs, but all alone;
Never wife or chubby children this staid bachelor had known.
Yet—for hearts must cling to something—he had made himself a pet
Of a little snow-white pullet, with her wings just tipped with jet.
Daily feeding and carressing, these had won the pullet's heart;
Following close her master's footsteps, seldom they were far apart;
And his love grew deeper, stronger, with the passing of each day—
"Wiser far than any woman," wicked Blobbs was wont say.
Near by rose a wondrous structure—architects their brains had racked—
Cross between a Chinese temple and a cruet-stand, in fact.
This the pretty pullet's dwelling; here she hastened every night;
Perched on high, became a *rooster* till the dawning of the light.
One sad day a Yankee peddler, glib, persuading, passing by,
Gazed at Blobbs and that poor pullet with a calculating eye.
From his wagon's deep recesses drew out, smiling wickedly,
"Johnson's Patent Hen-Persuader;" then to guileless Blobbs said he:
"Here's a marvelous invention! In this box you see a nest;
Hens at once will lay an egg here, lured to do their very best.
Then behold! this sliding bottom lets the egg drop out of view,
And the hen, somewhat bewildered, lays at once egg number two!"
'Twould be useless to repeat all this wily peddler said;
This suffices. Blobbs, unwary, by his specious tongue misled,
Bought the "Patent Hen-Persuader," set his snow-white pullet on,
Locked them both within the hen-house ere he went to town that morn.
Business then engrossed him fully, till, with numerous cares beset,
Who can wonder that the pullet and her nest he should forget?
Nothing all day to remind him; but returning late at night,
Flashed a sudden recollection, and his cheek grew pale with fright.
Rushing madly from the station, straight he sought the hen-house door,
Called his pet in tones entreating. Ah! she'll never answer more!
Full of gloomiest forebodings, in he dashes; finds the nest
Overflowing with its treasures—yes, she's done her level best.
Forty-seven eggs! and near them head and tail and wings still lay,
For the poor ambitious pullet had thus laid herself away!

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Our Story Teller.

A NOSE AND A HALF.

Precisely a month after our marriage, I—Mrs. Algernon Sidney Westmoreland, was informed by my lord and master that such and such business, imperative enough, I owned, called him immediately to the Continent; and, although both Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Westmoreland murmured somewhat at fate and £600 per annum, Algy was compelled to leave me, "my lane," and go on his way the wifeless husband of a month's standing. He was to be back certainly in three weeks, if not sooner, and I was charged to write hourly, to telegraph if I had the headache, and to keep up a good heart besides. Instead of fulfilling which commands, I wrote—well, it is true, almost hourly, in scraps; forbode from telegraphing either my head or my heart aches; and, alas for cheerfulness! I moped about my bit of a house in Bayswater as though I was a widow instead of a bride; stared at Algy's big photo over my bed; remembered, almost with tears, that I had watched him completely out of sight, a most unlucky proceeding; tried the piano, but found it a sad reminder of our courting days; poked my fingers in all the pockets of the coats Algy had left at home, but found nothing save a few old envelopes; gazed at all my gowns, and felt no inclination to put them on; and last, but by no means least, feasted my eyes on my sole dot, a suburb set of diamonds that had been in my family for ever so many years, and that my father, even in his darkest days, would in no wise part with.—There was a necklace and cross, a brooch, and a pair of earrings with exquisite pendants that one could detach at pleasure; a bracelet and ring, and put Algy's solitaire, sparkling on my third small finger, to the most unquestionable blush; but I loved the solitaire with most unreasonable passion, and, in contrast, looked coldly on the nine stoned gem lying among its splendid fellows in the big morocco case; nothing would induce me to wear it.

One week, two, three; Algy was not at home, and was not coming. I was to join him at La Manche. He could not be spared to come and fetch me, so I was to go to him, and alone, without even the meagre "protection," of a maid, and with naught save the sense of being Mrs. Algernon Sidney Westmoreland as a shield and a buckler for my timidity, my 19 years and babyish face, and a journey of five days' duration. Still, I did not dread it. The idea of travel in itself alone was enchanting to my untraveled soul; the idea that I was to see Algy in something short of a weak, and feel his big brown mustache on my mouth, redoubled the enchantment in a most singular manner; and, moreover, in the fact of performing this voyage unattended there was to me a sweet flavor of unaccustomedness, so to speak, that quite bewitched me, as I rehearsed the deportment I should display to admiring tourists over the packing of my brand-new trunk.

I crossed the channel, suffice it to say, not less a sufferer from mal-de-mer than any woman on board the pitching, lurching vessel; and, after three hours at the hotel Nationale for refreshment and rest, I took my seat in the railway-cars bound for P——, where I was according to Algy's express injunctions, "to stop at the Hotel du Bon-Dieu over night," armed with a small traveling-bag, containing sundry necessaries, in the one hand, and my shawl-strap in the other, girded around my thick blanket plaid, which, in its turn, was folded securely around my dot—the precious diamonds, which I was too much afraid of losing to trust in my trunks, knowing full well that the company would not be responsible for even a tithe of their value.

I settled myself and my possessions quite comfortably, when, just as the cars were about to start, some one tapped me on the shoulder, and a pleasant voice, with just the faintest flavor of a foreign accent, spoke:

"Are you expecting a companion?" Is this seat engaged?" pointing to the one beside me.

"No—oh, no!" I answered.

"With your permission, then?"

"Certainly, madame."

I looked up then at the person whose two small canvass bags and one wicker basket were deposited on top of my own portable luggage in the side rack, a tall, old—well perhaps I should use the milder form—elderly lady, with bunches of soft gray curls on either side of her face, a coffee colored complexion, two bright gray eyes, a small mouth, and a nose! The foregoing exclamation point is not intended to imply that I was in the habit of associating with persons whose faces lacked that important feature, the nose; but simply to indicate the extreme astonishment I felt on beholding this particular nose.

To say that it was long gives but a faint idea of the actual state of the case, but it was of a great length, and very thin, and very pink, and a vast deal more than very unpleasant; it seemed, as it were, to be peering and investigating everything, to be inquiring and ferreting out all visible and invisible objects, and to have quite an independent character and tune of its own. It extended well over the old lady's long upper lip; and, in brief, it was not only a nose that my companion was mistress of, but a nose and a half.

"I hope I do not incommode you?" The pleasant, courteous voice recalls me to my senses.

"Not in the least, I assure you!" I reply, casting one more fugitive glance at the nose.

"'Tis a little chilly—is it not? I think I need more wrappings."

With which the elderly lady arose and took down one of her small canvas bags, drawing therefrom a blue cloak, with which she enveloped herself, and snapping the catch, reinstated the bag in its place.

"Can I not hand you your plaid?" the elderly lady asked me, courteously, before seating herself.

I glanced up as I answered her, and read the small card that was neatly tacked on the bottom of her satchel, "Mme. la Comtesse de Girondele, Paris."

"No, thanks. Ah, I beg pardon, it is chilly. I am sorry to trouble, but I will take it, please."

And she hands it to me, resuming her seat with a nice, cheerful smile. I unbuckle the straps, unroll my plaid, and leave my precious morocco case quite bare with its brass mounting and padlock, and the new plate papa had put on it for my wedding-day.

"Let me assist you," Mme. la Comtesse says politely, helping me on with my big shawl.

"Fellow-travelers should be on excellent terms, especially when they chance to be two ladies voyaging alone. You have been on the Continent before, I presume? The English ladies are such ladies for sight-seeing."

"No," I replied, bashfully, and—why I know not—feeling mortified to think that I had not been abroad before.

"No! Is it possible? You are so self-possessed that I imagined you familiar with all these scenes."

Worthy Comtesse! Her eyes were begining to fall her, I feared.

"I—ah, helas! I have been many times over Europe, alone also, since the death of my husband."

Here it occurred to me to wonder, with another furtive glance, how any man could have married such a nose.

"You are going to Baden to join your mother and father,—to F——? I will so gladly chaperone you so far as in my poor powers. I know what it is to be so young, though never so pretty,"—with a sigh,—"and voyaging alone."

"You are very kind," I reply, with a feeling of great satisfaction as I take in the idea of once more being dependent upon some one, which is, to tell the truth, my normal state, and that some one a worthy elderly lady, although with more than the usual share of nose. "But I am not going to F—, only to Baden——"

"So?" interrupts the Comtesse, with a smile of genuine delight. "I go to Baden myself. The waters have been prescribed for me by my physician."

"Yes?" I say, interestedly. "I am sorry that I do not stay there. I go right on by coach to P——, and thence to La Manche, where my husband awaits me."

"Your husband!"—The Comtesse utters a little scream of astonishment. "My child, une enfant! veritablement! Ah, what is this age arriving at?"

I laugh a small, happy, foolish laugh, and proceed to give the Comtese a brief resume of the principal events in my history, chiefly consisting, I can assure you, in my courtship, marriage, wedding. (Including my dot, which rouses in the rack), Algy's imperative tour, and my now going to be with him once more after nearly four weeks of cruel separation; to all of which the Comtesse listened attentively and courteously, with interest, and little, sympathetic, womanly smiles and nods. Before I have finished, I think her the most delightful, motherly, charming lady that I have ever encountered—were it not for her nose; but I endeavored to avoid looking at that, and strive to rivet my attention solely on her bright eyes and pleasant smile,

Mme. la Comtesse in return confides to me her card,—a fac-simile of that so neatly tacked to her satchel,—and tells me that la Comte is long since deceased, leaving her the mistress of a small independence; that she resides in London, "so she loves the dear English"; and just now is en route for Baden to drink the famous waters.

We got on famously, the Comtesse and I, and I think joyously of how glad Algy would be to know of my being under the wing of so charming and educated a person. In fact, at the end of our fourth day together, I feel as if I had known the Comtesse all my life, and I feel sure also that she likes me.

The nose oppresses me frequently, but I contract a habit of talking and listening to her without looking, and this somewhat ameliorates the situation.

On Friday evening at 4 o'clock, we arrive at Baden, and as the southern train does not start for two hours yet, I accept my new friend's offer of spending the time with her at her hotel, quite gratefully.

I am installed in the little parlor of the Comtesse's pretty apartment—*en troisieme*. it is true, but affording a delightful view of everything and everybody that shall pass. I am seated alone, for my friend has gone down to see to the arrangement of her baggage. She returns, her face full of alarm, and a coarse, reddish envelope in her hand.

"Be not alarmed, my child; 'tis a telegram for you, I think, Mme. A. S. Westmoreland," lamphlain the elderly lady from the wretched thing in her hand.

"Monsieur Von Linden just give it to me now as I passed by the office."

It take it, and with trembling finger tear open the envelope and unfold the bit of paper. A smile breaks over my face and the blood resumes its place in my cheeks,—nothing more terrible than this:

"Wait over a day at Baden. I will join you on Saturday evening. ALGY."

I read it aloud to the Comtesse, who shares my joy in charming fashion, and instantly offers to ring the bell, summon the hostess and secure me a room at once for my stay. I accede gracefully, and ere long am comfortably — nay, luxuriantly — ensconced in a bright, elegantly-furnished room adjoining the suite of the Comtesse,—in fact, communicating with it by a door, which I beg may stand open, as I am considerably more than timid.

After a sumptuous supper, served in my new friend's apartment, with great neatness, by a pretty, blue-eyed German girl, I make my excuses and retire. I am, in truth, worn out with sleepless nights in railway-coaches, and am very thankful when I find myself once more in a veritable bed. I dream—a queer, confused mass of nonsense—and, amid the vagaries of my night in the hotel of Monsieur Von Linden, I dream that I am suffocating, smothering with some strange smelling stuff, held tightly over my mouth; then that it is removed, and that I can see distinctly, although I can move no more than if I were a stone. I see that the communicating door between my room and the Comtesse's little parlor stands open, letting in a flood of bright, warm candlelight; I see a woman in a rose-colored wrapper gliding stealthily about my apartment. She is young, and a pretty woman, with short, very blonde hair curling all over her head, and she keeps walking carefully about my room, peering into this corner and that, under my clothes, under the lounge-cushion, and into the chest of drawers; and finally she creeps up to the bed. I feel her hands crawling over the blankets, and at last searching under the piled-up pillows beside me—for what? My dot, my precious diamonds, which I have placed there for safety. I try to scream, but cannot; I am silent as the dead, and I watch her, helplessly, recross the room, glide through the door, close it, and then no more.

When I awoke in the morning, the bright Baden sunshine is streaming in my windows, and I feel strangely unrested; my eyes ache, and my tempies throb. I rise and close the creaking shutters. As I do so I hear a low wail from the apartment of the Comtesse, and like a flash of lightning my dream occurs to me. I make one plunge to the bed again, pull aside the pillows—my dot is gone! A knock comes at the communicating door, accompanied by another louder wail.

"Come in!" I cry, as I sit staring distractedly about me.

"Ah, Mme. Westmoreland! What have I here? Ah! ah! my few jewels gone! The thieves! the burglars! Ah! I will have satisfaction from Mons. Von Linden! Ah! what will become of me?"

The Comtesse had, then, been robbed also; poor lady! She was well nigh beside herself as she recounted to me almost my own experience; the sensation of suffocation, and of hearing some one walk stealthily about her room. As my new friend said nothing about having seen the robber, I held my peace, being rather ashamed of telling what I now know must have been a dream, mixed up, oddly enough, with truth.

When I told her my misfortune, she condoled with me in the most tender and heartfelt manner, and, between her tears over her own pettit bijoux, tried, in her pretty French fashion, to suggest ways to me of recovering my splendid gems. But, while the Comtesse made her toilet with all possible haste, and flew down to worthy Mons. Von Linden, I sat down like a small statue, staring at the tumbled pillows, and then began to cry like a child, which performance I kept up a full hour at least, and at last determined to do nothing. In reality there was nothing to do, for my husband was traveling toward me just as fast as steam could bring him, and, as I assured the Comtesse, I felt that, "when Algy came, all would be discovered."

So I whiled away the long day gazing at the passers by out of the Comtesse's windows, and listening to her alternate moans over her gems, and descriptions of the galties of Baden in the gone gaming days, when she was young. She was a true daughter of La Belle France, volatility itself, and indeed I envied her quick spirits that mournful day in Baden. At 6 o'clock Algy would be with me, and it was 6 o'clock now. A knock at the door. Another of those detestable, terrifying pinkish envelopes the Comtesse hands me, and I read it while she, with adjusted glasses, peruses her own documents.

"This is too much," I say, fairly bursting into tears, as my eyes fall on the scrawled message:

"Impossible to come on; start at once. ALGY."

"Ah, mon enfant! what is it! Let me assist you. Ah, mon angel, dry those tears, for your husband must not see your beautiful eyes spoiled when he comes."

"He's not coming!" I exclaim, with a fresh sob. "Read that, Madame."

"Ah, 'tis too much? Well, he says to go to him, my darling, and so you see him just now, immediately. Yes—though I grieve to part with you, still—the train leave in an hour, and 'tis best il faut obeir un maris, n'est-ce-pas?"

With the assistance of the Comtesse I hastily pack my things in my bag, and strap up the alas! empty shawl, array myself in my traveling hat and veil, and, cheered by her kind, motherly words, I start in the little hackney-carriage for the depot. I arrive there, buy my ticket of the surly Austrian official, with quivering fingers, and am just about to step into the coach, when I meet my husband face to face! I fall into his open arms without regard to the 300 waiting travelers, and he, with equal indifference, exclaims:

"My God! my little Dorothea, what is the matter? Where have you been? Where are you going to?"

He puts me into the hack, and bids the man drive back to the hotel of Monsieur von Linden.

During that twenty minutes' drive through the streets of Baden, I managed—being a brief, direct little woman—to tell Algy my every word and movement, from the moment I left home until I fell into his big protecting arms. He utters at the conclusion a prolonged and manly whistle, and then, in a most ferocious voice, asks, in one breath, "If any man had spoken to or looked at me on the journey!" and to "show him the two telegrams." I answered "No!" emphatically, to the question, and produced the two bits of coarse paper for my husband's inspection.

"These are not genuine telegrams. I sent you no telegrams," says Algy, in a very curious voice. "I waited and waited last night and to-day till I almost went mad; and then I came after you."

We reached the hotel. My husband is a gentleman of few words, but he has given me some very minute instructions. I go up stairs and knock, much after the manner of a maid, on the door of Mme. la Comtesse de Girondelle. No answer. Again I knock, this time even louder, with a like result. A waiter comes by, and informs me that the Comtesse has gone out to spend the evening with a sick friend in the Heidelberg strasse. I return to Algy, who bids me array myself becomingly; that he is going to take me to the Kursaal to see a little galety and hear a good deal of good music. Mr. Westmoreland has a dark, not a sinister, expression on his comely face as he issues his mandates, and at the same time puts himself into the dress suit I have brought in my trunks from London to him.

We are soon driven to the Kursaal, soon hear the band playing one of the loveliest thing under the sun—the "Dichter and Bauer" overture. I march around on Algy's arm, too happy to speak, with only the vision of my lost dot to trouble me, about which Mr. Westmoreland is singularly reticent and singularly hopeful; and occasionally the face—especially the nose—of the Comtesse comes across me, and I innocently wonder what she will say to-morrow at breakfast when she sees Algy and me back again? We are meandering around, when I suddenly gave a little scream.

"What is it?" Algy says, frowning.

"There she is! don't you see? with all my diamonds on!" That's the woman. Algy looks, so do I. She is leaning her arm on one of the tables, and sipping wine from a goblet,—the same woman that I watched in my dream, only I see her clearly now. Tall, with a fair complexion, a small mouth, a perfectly little straight nose, two bright gray eyes, enhanced by the artful black pencil, and lovely blonde hair, dressed with superb artificial braids, she is attired in a rose-colored satin gown, covered with black lace flounces, and she wears all my dot sparkling and shimmering in her ears, on her neck, and bosom, and arms, and fingers.

Algy tells me to keep very still, and presently puts me in the cab and leaves me with strict injunctions to the driver to take me back to the hotel of Monsieur von Linden. As may be imagined, I sleep but little that night; my husband comes home late, very; says there is a certainty, almost, of recovering my jewels; calls me "a nervous, foolish little wife!" and bids me "go to sleep."

Again the Baden sunlight shines in the windows, and again I hear the Comtesse moving about her apartment, without wailing, however, this morning. At 10 o'clock, just as Mme. la Comtesse's breakfast was being set before her on the pretty polished table, a burly gentleman, accompanied by two police officers, came clattering up to her door,—nay, into her very parlor itself,—and Algy and I at the same moment also appeared to pay our respects to my kind friend.

She greeted us with charming politeness, but uttered a little scream on beholding the burly gentleman, who entered simultaneously with ourselves.

"Nein, nein!" said the burly gentleman pleasantly; "no screaming, Comtesse. Permit me!" I looked on with indignation while the burly gentleman literally proceeded to scalp the Comtesse de Girondelle; with fingers defter than an Indian's he removed the entire chevelure of gray, soft curls, leaving exposed a beautiful head of blonde waving hair. "Nein, nein, no screaming!" repeated the burly gentleman, suavely; and then—I blush to record it—he seized the long, polishing, investigating nose of the Comtesse delicately between his thumb and forefinger, and lifted it gracefully into the air. The Comtesse did not follow, she remained seated on her chair, displaying another nose! a small, straight, pretty white nose! I was terrified.

"Yah, yah!" exclaimed the burly gentleman." Thereupon he took up a wet napkin and proceeded to rub the face of the Comtesse with vigor. In a few moments the coffee-colored complexion half disappeared, and the titled lady rejoiced in a skin matching the hue of her new nose.

"Ver are dis ladee's diamonds!" inquired the official, courteously. The Comtesse at once fainted, revived, screamed, called on all the saints and demons in the calendar to protect her and annihilate the burly gentleman respectively, finally she glanced in the direction of the wardrobe.

Thence the official drew my morocco case—my dot.

Algy took me away wholly in hysterics. Algy swore that no earthly power should lure him into leaving me alone for five minutes again, so long as we both live. And I—I cannot help it—I look with distrust—nay, aversion of the most positive kind—upon any one who has a nose that is pink and pointed, and even one nail's breadth longer than it ought to be.—*English Magazine.*

The Bermuda Islands.

An Interesting Exhibition.

Oddly enough, in the section devoted to the Bermudas in the Exhibition—among the British Colonies in the Main Building—not even a potato paring, let alone a whole potato, is shown; and yet it is with the name of this admirable vegetable that the name of the colony is most intimately associated in the American mind. Like the swallow, the Bermuda potatoes are to us of good omen the sweet harbingers of spring, and we look forward to their coming far more impatiently than to the coming of the erratic infesters of chimneys, for they have a practical as well as poetic side, and are so doubly dear. To suggest that the potatoes turned into swallows after their arrival would be irrelevant.

Native woods are shown in considerable variety, the most important being specimens of the red, white and bird's eye cedars. The latter, rich in color and beautifully marked with wavy lines, is extensively used in cabinet-making, while the plain red and white varieties are even more extensively used in ship-building. Possessing great toughness, joined to extreme buoyancy, a better material for vessels of light tonnage is nowhere found, and the Bermuda boats have a well established reputation for strength and seaworthiness. The other hard woods shown are olive, black mangrove, candle-berry, almond, gru-gru, pride of India, uot unlike oak; mammee, very similar to mahogany; palmetto, date and sago palm, the bark of the latter being of a very curious conformation, suggestive of a very ugly snake coiled about the trunk of the tree; pimento, lichi and crape myrtle. The last three, being very close and smooth-grained, seem well enough adapted for wood engraving, and if the supply is at all large it might be well worth while to attempt their utilization for this purpose. The inevitable bundle of walking-sticks supplements the exhibit of woods, and there are also shown a couple of inlaid tables, a lot of jewelry—sleeve buttons, studs, brooches and so forth—of carved cedar. Of vegetable textile substances, the only exhibits are fibres prepared from the leaves of the fourcroye gigantea and a little box of cotton—the latter is not catalogued and is probably experimental growth, for the whole group of islands would scarcely afford room for a fair-sized cotton plantation.

A notable exhibit is a model of the famous Bermuda dry-dock, the largest in the world, built in England in 1872-73, and towed across the Atlantic to its destination, off the Government dock-yard on Ireland Island. Owing to the soft character of the coral rock, a foundation could not be had for a dry-dock of the ordinary sort, and the original plan of constructing the needed article in England and bringing it over bodily was resorted to. The dock is, over all, 381 feet long, with an inside width of 84 feet, and—excepting only the Great Eastern—can raise any ship afloat. Her voyage from England—an entertaining volume descriptive of which has been published by one of the naval officers constituting her crew—occupied a little more than a month, the start having been made on the 23d of June, and port made on the 28th of July. Fortunately, no serious storms were encountered, and the altogether unique passage was safely effected. Belonging to the naval section, a model is shown of a Bermuda yacht, built of cedar, and cutter rigged. Her lines—short entry, long run, full bows and wide beam—are not particularly graceful, but it is probable that her sailing qualities are good. A false keel, representing a depth of eighteen inches in the actual boat, gives her a tremendous grip upon the water and enables her to sail very close to the wind.

The ladies, bless them, have lent a hand in making the representatives of Bermuda creditable, and two or three cases are filled with specimens of their charming handiwork. Of plaited straw there are some ravishing little hats, jaunty to a degree, and ornamented with flowers and streamers of graceful shape of the same material; dainty baskets, fairy-like slippers, fans and prosaic table mats complete the collection. Still more elegant are the articles of lace manufactured by the same deft fingers, and the judicious young person upon whose discriminating taste we rely for enlightenment and information in such matters, singles out for especial commendation the "pointe lace sleeveless basque" by Miss Ness, the "flounce" by Mrs. R. T. Smith, and the "fichu" by Miss M. Gilbert. To our own untutored vision all these things look pretty and pretty much alike, but an expression of this comprehensively benevolent opinion is not well received. As we are aware that argument is useless, we at once retract it and accept the dictum as above recorded.

A Cigar Scientifically Dissected.

A polite visitor, who, during his interview with us, had rendered our sanctum redolent with the fumes of a fragrant Havana, has just left a cigar on our table with the laughing request that we smoke it. Despite the fact it is an exceptionally fine cigar, we are unable to gratify our friend's desire, seeing that we don't smoke; but the thought occurs that we can show our appreciation of the gift by applying the light, not of a match but of science, to it, and thus giving our friend and his brother smokers something to ponder over the next time that "the blue up-curling smoke" leads them to reverie.

To the world in general, a cigar is merely a tightly-rolled packet having brittle fragments of dry leaves within, and a smooth silky leaf for its outside wrapper. When it is burnt, and the pleasantly-flavored smoke inhaled, the habitual smoker claims for it a soothing luxury that quiets the irritable, nervous organism, relieves weariness, and entices repose.

Science, scouting so superficial description, examines first the smoke, second the leaf, third the ash. In the smoke is discovered water in a vaporous state, soot (free carbon), carbonic acid and carbonic oxide, and a vaporous substance condensable into oily nicotine. These are the general divisions, which Vohl and Eulenburg have still farther split up; and in so doing have found acetic, formic, butyric, valeric, and propionic acids, prussic acid, creosote, and carbolic acid, ammonia, sulphuretted hydrogen, pyridine, viridine, picoline, lutidine, collodine, parvoline, coridine, and rubidene. The leaves are a series of oily bases belonging to the homologues of aniline, first discovered in coal tar. Applying chemical tests to the leaves, other chemists have found nicotia, tobacco camphor or nicotianine (about which not much is known), a bitter extractive matter gum, chlorophyll, malate of lime, sundry albuminoids, malic acid, wood fibre, and various salts. The feathery white ash, which in its cohesion and whiteness is indicative of the good cigar, yields potash, soda, magnesia, lime, phosphoric acid, sulphuric acid, silica, and chlorine. Our friend has kindly left us a fine cigar; had it been a poor and cheap one, the ingredients we should extract would be fearful and wonderful to contemplate. Here is the list from an English parliamentary report on adulterations in tobacco. Sugar, alum, flour or meal, rhubarb leaves, salt-petre, fuller's earth, starch, malt combings, chromate of lead, peat moss, molasses, burdock leaves, common salt, sand, lamp-black, gum, red dye, a black dye composed of vegetable red, iron, and liquorice, scraps of newspaper, cinnamon stick, cabbage leaves and straw brown paper.

Returning now to the smoke, or rather its ingredients, Dr. B. W. Richardson, in his "Diseases of Modern Life," considers the effect of the same on the body at considerable length, basing his conclusions on actual investigation. He tells us the water, of course is harmless; free carbon acts mechanically as an irritant, and tends to discolor the secretions and the teeth. Ammonia bites the tongue, exercises a solvent influence on the blood, excites the salivary glands, and thus causes a desire to drink while smoking. The tendency of carbonic acid is to produce sleepiness, headache, and lassitude.

When a cigar is smoked badly, that is, when the combustion of the tobacco is slow and incomplete, carbonic oxide is produced in small quantities, and is an active poisoning agent, resulting in irregular motion of the heart, vomiting, convulsions of the muscles, and drowsiness. The nicotine tends to cause tremor, palpitation of the heart, and paralysis. The volatile empyreumatic substance produces a sense of oppression and taints the breath and surroundings of the smoker with the well-known "stale tobacco smoke" smell. The bitter extract causes the sharp nauseous taste pecular to a re-lighted cigar or an old pipe.

By trying the effect of tobacco smoke on lower animals, we can obtain an idea of its influence on ourselves. Small insects are stupefied rapidly, but recover in fresh air. Cold-blooded animals succumb slowly to the smoke, birds rapidly. Some animals, such as the goat, can eat tobacco with impunity; but none escape the effects of the fumes. Persons suffer most from tobacco while learning to smoke. Dr. Richardson says that the spasmodic seizures are sometimes terrible, especially in boys. There is a sensation of imminent death, the heart nearly ceases to beat, and sharp pains shoot through the chest. Examination of inferior animals under such conditions shows that "the brain is pale and empty of blood; the stomach reddened in round spots, so raised and pile-like that they resemble patches of Utrecht velvet." The blood is preternaturally fluid, the lungs are as pale as those of a dead calf, and the heart is feebly trembling: such is the primary action of one's first cigar.

After a time, however, the body becomes accustomed to the influences of the poison; and with the exception of constant functional disturbance (owing to the excretory organs, notably the kidneys, being compelled to do work not essential to their duties), no distressing results are felt. There are numerous instances where the evil effects are scarcely appreciable, the physical and nervous constitution of the smoker being capable of resisting the influence. In many cases copious salivation attends smoking, and in this circumstance the opponents of tobacco have found a strong argument. Still, either to expectorate or not to do so is a choice of two evils. In the latter case, the result is to swallow the saliva charged with poisonous matter; in the former, the saliva needed to prepare food is lost, and besides, as it contains salts of lime in solution, the effect is to produce large formations of tartar on the teeth. "Smoker's sore throat" is a special irritable state of the mucous membrane induced by cigar-smoking, which soon disappears when the habit is broken off.

Tobacco smoke does not produce consumption or bronchitis, but it tends to aggravate both maladies. Its effect on the organs of sense is to cause in the extreme degree, dilation of the pupils of the eye, confusion of vision, bright lines, luminous or cobweb specks, and long retention of images on the retina, with other and analogous symptoms affecting the ear, namely, inability to define sound clearly and the occurrence of a sharp, ringing sound, like that of a whistle or a bell. Its effects on the brain is to impair the activity of that organ and to oppress if it be duly nourished, but to soothe it if it be exhausted. It leads to paralysis in the volitional and in the sympathetic organic nerves, and to over secretion from the glandular structure. Science was not wise enough to prepare so formidable an indictment of the nicotian weed as the above in King James' time, else that monarch might have had better ground than his personal dislike for stigmatizing the habit of smoking as a "custom loathsome to the eye, hatefull to the nose, harmfull to the braine, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrid Stigain smoake of the pit that is bottomlesse."

And yet, despite all that science can say, the habit is increasing. Two centuries ago the Turks regarded smoking as a religous offence and paraded a smoker through the streets of Constantinople with his pipe stuck through his nose as a warning to others. Who can disconnect the Turk now from the ideas of chibouque or nargilah, or fragrant Latakia? Look at the best cigar-wrappers the world can produce, raised on tobacco-fields in the heart of New England, where the Puritan fathers once visited the direst of blue-law vengeance on the wretch who profaned his Maker's handiwork by "making a chimney of his nostrils." The value of our tobacco-crop last year reached nearly $30,000,000. We consume annually some 75,000 hogsheads of the leaf; we imported about 83,000 bales of cigars, etc., from Cuba in 1875.

What is the end of it all? Effects on individuals likewise affect communities, these in turn influence the nation. No person that smokes can be in perfect health, and an imperfect organism cannot produce a perfect one. Therefore it is logical to conclude that, were smoking the practice of every individual of a nation, a lower physical, and a consequently lower intellectual development must be found. Such, we think, will be conceded to be true of Spain, of Portugal, of Turkey, of Greece, and of the South American countries, where those who are addicted to the habit vastly outnumber those who do not smoke.

☞ For a man who has been ruined by woman there is no law and no judge.

Young Folks' Column.

What the Owl Knows.

Nobody knows the world but me,
When they're all in bed I sit up to see;
I'm a better student than students all,
For I never read till the darkness fall;
And I never read without my glasses,
And this is how my wisdom passes.

I can see the wind. Now who can do that?
I see the dreams that he has in his hat;
I see him snorting them out as he goes—
Out at his stupid old trumpet-nose.
Ten thousand things that you couldn't think,
I write them down with pen and ink.

You may call it learning—I call it wit.
Who else can watch the lady-moon sit
Hatching the boats and the long-legged fowl,
On her nest, the sea, all night, but the owl?
When the oysters gape to sing by rote
She crams a pearl down each stupid throat.

So you see I know—you may pall off your hat;
Whether round and lofty, or square and flat,
You never can do better than trust to me;
You may shut your eyes as long as I see.
While you live I will lead you, and then—I'm the owl—
I'll bury you nicely with my spade and shovl.

—*Good Things.*

The Boys' Bed-Time Stories.

BY UNCLE ZACK.

"Well, boys, I b'lieve you were to call off to-night, as I did it last week;—what kind of a yarn do you want?"

"Don't want any yarn—we want a true story or one that *might* be true."

"Well, a good many things might be true;—but what do you suppose a man said about one of the stories I told you, that he had heard of—the story of the 'lion and the rhinoceros'?"

"I dunno,—what?"

"He said he liked it because there was no slavish adherence to facts nor any blind partiality for probabilities."

"What's that mean?—all them big words?"

"Oh, I s'pose he meant it was a sort of boy's fairy story—all the better for not being too true; but rather, as WILL says, something that *might* have been true. But I b'lieve I promised you something about

THE INDIAN AND THE BUFFALOES.

Once there was an old Indian hunter who got very tired of living on pounded corn, and dried berries and grasshopper jam, and other worse things they have to eat sometimes; and so he said he was bound to have some buffalo meat. But the buffaloes generally carry their meat around with 'em, except when it's dried: and how to get some was the question. He didn't have any pony, nor any gun, being an honest indian, and of course a poor one; and so he took his bow and arrows and hunting knife, and put his best moccasins on his feet, and started off for the country where the buffaloes live.

It was 'ten moons' away he said, 'cause it took him ten days and nights to get to it. but by and by he came to a big prairie, close by the mountains, where there were more than a thousand buffaloes feeding. It just made his mouth water to look at them. He didn't wait long, though, but tightened up his bow-string, picked out his best arrow, and began to creep-a-pus-se-ez-ee towards the herd. He had to get most down on his belly, and go very carefully, because if the buffaloes saw him they would get up and dust.

Pretty soon he peeked up over the tall grass and saw the whole crowd of 'em coming down on him just like a charge of cavalry soldiers. Some white hunters on the other side had shot one buffalo, and all the rest turned and ran right toward where the Indian was. They were so near that he couldn't run away; and he didn't know what to do. But just then he saw a little mound, probably a prairie-dog's house or something, and he ran and stood on that. Then he took his bow in one hand and his big knife in the other, and commenced to swing 'em and holler the Indian war-song: We-hon-a-wah-ya!—We-hon-a-wah-ya!"

And the buffaloes came galloping along, the biggest old fellows in front and on the sides, to take care of the rest. Their eyes were red, and they shook their shaggy manes, and bellowed as loud as a small thunder storm. The ground fairly trembled under their tread, and the Indian was awful scared, though he kept up his sniging and shaking. Just then the first old buffalo bulls, the generals of the drove, saw him, and were most as much scared as he was. They couldn't turn back, though, and there were too many crowding on to let them go to one side. But if they kept straight on they would run right against the strange looking object, standing all alone on the mound. So the leaders turned a little each side of him, and a perfect stream of buffaloes went running by, so near that he could almost touch them with his bow; but not one stopped to hook him or run over him.

Pretty soon, as they kept going by, thousands of them, the Indian began to think he'd better try and see if he couldn't get some meat; but he daresn't shoot one for fear the rest would go for him. So he slung his bow over his back, and waited till the last of the buffaloes were going by, when he picked out a fine fat one, jumped down and bounded on to his back, just as if he were a horse.

There never was an animal so astonished. He pranced, and bellowed, and pawed, and jumped; but the Indian was a splendid rider, for he had tamed and ridden wild horses. So he clung on with his legs, and clawed into the buffalo's shaggy mane with his hands, and hollered as he had heared the farmers do to their oxen, when he went to sell his furs and skins: 'Whoa! haw! gee buck! go-long there!' And the buffalo did go-long, but he didn't gee nor haw worth a cent, nor whoa either. And all the others were worse scared than ever, and ran away from him. Pretty soon he got very mad, and planted his fore feet hard on the ground and stopped all of a sudden, as the mule does in the circus, and threw the Indian off over his head, ker-smack on to the ground.

"So that is your little game, is it?" said the Indian, as he picked himself up, "Well, my little game is shooting at a mark." And he went to running around in a circle, so the buffalo couldn't get at him, till he got an arrow fixed in his bow, and be shot it right into the buffalo's side, just back of his fore leg, and killed him dead. And he had meat enough to last him a month, and took home the skin to make a robe to wrap his papooses in. And all the other Indians called him, after that: "The Hunter who Rides Horseback on a Buffalo."—*Golden Rule.*

Eddie's First Walk with an Umbrella.

Patter, patter, came the soft-footed rain on house roof, street, and garden.

Eddie's papa was going to the post-office, and could Eddie go too? There he stood in his little gray frock, his chubby face round as the moon, his hat bright with garden flowers that some one had stuck in it.

Yes, Eddie would go, and have an umbrella. Side by side, he and his papa went down the street. They met Susie Burton.

"I'm going to the post-office!" said Eddie.

They went on.

"It's a *wainy* day," said Eddie.

"Quite rainy," said his papa.

"Post-office fare?" asked Eddie, making a great effort to keep up with his papa.

The little boy under his umbrella, the bright flowers stuck in his hat, amused the people in the street. A lady smiled. One man stopped, and spoke to him. Two girls turned, and laughed. "Look at his hat, too," said one to the other.

Lillie Hastings came along. "Halloo, Eddie," said she. "What are you doing with such a big umbrella?"

"Keeping off the *wain!*"

The rain stopped, and Eddie's papa shut his umbrella; but Eddie still trudged along under his. "Open your umbrella, papa. Mine is open," said the little boy.

How do you suppose it all ended?

"Papa, you carry me," said a tired voice under the hat bright with flowers.

Ah, that is the way all through life. When the storms come, we think we can go alone. But out in the weary way, God hears a tired voice saying, "Father, carry me!"—*The Nursery.*

"This was Tommy's."

As we passed along the street one day, we saw a little boy sitting upon the curb-stone. He was about five or six years of age, and his well-combed hair, clean hands and face, and tidy but well-patched pinafore, indicated that he was the child of a poor but loving mother. As we looked at him more closely, we were painfully struck with the heart-broken expression of his countenance and the tears rolling down his cheeks. We stopped, and placing a hand on his head, asked him the cause of his trouble. He replied by exposing to our view the fragments of a tiny toy—the figure of a cow.

"Oh, is that all? Well, never mind it. Step into the toy-shop here and buy another" and we dropped a fourpenny piece into the little fellow's hand. "That will buy you one, will it not?"

"Oh! yes," he said, in a flood of grief; but this was Tommy's, and—he's dead!"

☞ True sport is never cruel. To take the life of even the lowest creature for fun is a wickedness from which a true boy will shrink. The manly heart is as kind as brave.

The Medicine that Cures